

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW

OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,552, Vol. 98.

24 September, 1904.

6d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	381	MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES (<i>continued</i>):		CORRESPONDENCE:	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Rambling Driving Recollections—III.		The Spoiling of English. By John	
The Hungry School Child	384	By Alexander Innes Shand	391	Lanyon and A. C. Fletcher	396
Lord Rosebery Indisposed	385	Life the Interlude. By Mrs. F. A.		Free Trade and Protection. By James	
The Red King's Crowning	386	Steel	392	Martin	396
Figures of the Fiscal Question—I.	387	A Play for the Populace. By Max		REVIEWS:	
THE CITY	388	Beerbohm	393	The Double-Headed Eagle and the	
INSURANCE: CANADIAN LIFE OFFICES	388	The Musical Goose. By John F.		Dragon	397
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		Runciman	394	Elizabethan Criticism	398
The Kindly Fruits of the Earth	389	VERSE:		Ferrara at its Heyday	399
"An English Man of Letters"	390	By Arun. By H. Charlewood	397	The Gospels as History	400
				The Navy in Pepys' Day	401
				Sir Gilbert Parker's Puppets	402
				NOVELS	402
				NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS	404

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The date of every battle in the Far East has been antedated by the critics by many weeks. A great fight at Mukden was imminent last week and the week before. We are still without any information which shows either that the attack is prepared or the defence decided upon. Some vigorous fighting has taken place between reconnaissance parties, but this may have little or no bearing upon the imminence of a big battle. Apparently the Russians themselves thought that the pursuit would be more vigorous. Mukden at first evacuated has been reoccupied and a detachment has even advanced far enough south to shell Yentai. The Japanese losses at Liau-yang are found to have been greater than was thought and probably the Russians have been reinforced. No doubt the Japanese will soon press the pursuit and for awhile maintain their superiority in numbers, but as a result of the unexpected respite it may be worth Kuropatkin's while to make a long resistance at the important Dalin pass guarding the road to Mukden; and perhaps face a big battle there before retiring on Tieling, which is the key to Harbin.

The fall of Port Arthur was anticipated with even less success than the dates of the battles, and there is no adequate reason to expect it immediately. The Japanese slowly improve their position; they are busy tunnelling and trenching and have taken another fort. If we may believe the account of Prince Radziwill, who escaped in a junk, some of the fighting has been of a strange savagery. The Japanese are said to have shot down their own men who wished to retreat from an untenable position; and the Port Arthur garrison have arrived at that pitch of angry courage which makes surrender, even in extremities, impossible. Their courage is helped by an expectation, not likely to be realised, that the Baltic squadron will restore the balance of sea power. Of the Japanese fleet or the Russian ships at Vladivostok and Port Arthur not a word has been heard. Admiral Togo, occupied in conducting transports to Niu-chwang and watching outside the circle of mines at Port Arthur, must sigh for new fields to conquer. The hope of taking the town by a grand attack seems to have been given up, at least until the garrison

is further reduced by hunger and disease, or rendered incapable by paucity of ammunition.

Mr. Hay has sent to the American Ambassador in S. Petersburg a most uncompromising protest against the latest decision of the prize courts in the case of the "Arabia". All the telephone and railway apparatus as well as the food, which were addressed to various commercial houses in Japan, were confiscated as contraband on the ground that their ultimate destination may have been the forces in the field. Mr. Hay considers this interpretation of the law of nations logically involves the practical interdiction of trade between a neutral Power and a belligerent and leaves half the decisions of the Council of Paris devoid of meaning. Mr. Hay has a little overstated his case, but the incident of the "Arabia" and the "Calchas" apart, the Russian Government cannot much longer delay the amendment of their published order, which slurs with a wholly Eastern ambiguity the cardinal point at issue. The most important article of the Imperial Order condemns as contraband "all articles capable of serving a warlike purpose, if they are transported on account of or to the destination of the enemy". A sentence which may bear any interpretation anyone cares to put on it.

If the "enemy" is taken to mean the army of the enemy, everyone will agree with the Russian edict. But the prize courts both in the case of the "Calchas" and the "Arabia" interpret "enemy" to mean the whole nation against which Russia is fighting; and this is an interpretation which is unendurable. Technically if Great Britain were at war her enemy would seize as contraband goods passing, for example, from Burma to Australia. Also our Government is pledged to the opposite view at any rate in the case of food and coal. At the same time the question of the destination of goods may often be extremely difficult; and there must always be a point at which it is impossible to tell where the army begins and the civilian nation ends. The conditional contraband may become absolute contraband very soon after it reaches its civilian destination; and by the circumstances of the case the prize court can have little evidence except that supplied by the conveyers of the goods; and this is naturally a contaminated source.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Austro-German Alliance has been made the occasion of a revival of the distrust in Austria of the alleged secret treaty between the Tsar and the Kaiser. In 1879 Bismarck succeeded in his insistence on this alliance, essentially anti-Russian in character, in spite of a recent meeting between

the Tsar and Kaiser in which they were thought to have pledged themselves to a lasting friendship. Now there is no reason why Austria-Hungary should feel aggrieved at any resumption of this attitude of the two emperors to each other. We have a supreme disbelief in the details of this secret treaty as published, especially in relation to the Far East; but in attending to her own interests there is every reason why Germany should cultivate friendly relations with Russia; and the recent commercial treaty may be a precursor of a more intimate agreement. After all the triumph of Japan in the Far East is naturally a cause of alarm to many European nations. They now draw no small advantage from the manifest opposition of Russian and British interests and the supremacy of a new Power in the East has all the terrors of the unknown.

The text of the treaty with Tibet has reached the "Times" from Chinese sources and though it seems to have suffered in the translation there is no reason to doubt its substantial correctness. There may be omissions but it is thoroughgoing enough. As far as a treaty can do so, it secures the redress of all the grievances which constrained the Indian Viceroy to take action and provides against their recurrence. The release of the British subjects held in captivity has already been effected under impressive conditions. No single incident of the expedition was more calculated to strike all concerned than the public deliverance of these humble subjects of the King. Commercial facilities between India and Tibet are arranged as well as a machinery to ensure that they shall be observed. The violated frontiers will be restored and the duty is to be imposed on the transgressors. Most important of all, Tibet is now formally recognised as outside the sphere of influence and activity of any other foreign Power—a declaration to which Russia can take no exception in view of Count Benckendorff's assurance in April 1903 that Russian policy "ne viserait le Tibet en aucun cas". China has good cause to rejoice because her shadowy and vanishing suzerainty has been practically re-established at the expense of others. The cost of the expedition or a substantial part of it is to be borne by Tibet who agrees to pay half a million sterling in three annual instalments.

On some points the treaty is silent. What means are to be organised to keep the Indian Government promptly informed of all that takes place at Lhasa? No doubt some effective method can be found without the dangerous measure of keeping a European Resident there. The commercial agency is moreover explicitly empowered to facilitate diplomatic intercourse. How far the strict fulfilment of the treaty can be secured must at present be a matter of speculation. But there are solid reasons why it should not remain a dead letter. The Tibetans have learned by a costly lesson the dangers of disregarding treaty obligations, while the Chinese Amban is unlikely again to permit his position to be imperilled. Further the Chumbi Valley is to be retained till the treaty has been completely carried out. It is a matter of regret that this twice forfeited and highly important territory has not been definitely and permanently annexed. The failure to secure it by treaty can only be excused by a well-understood presumption that when the time comes the Tibetans will find it desirable to forfeit it in lieu of unpaid indemnity. This may be the diplomatic solution of a thorny question. Finally the flight and deposition of the Dalai Lama make it the interest of his successor to placate the Power which drove him out. Like the Afghan refugees, he will no doubt be held in leash by his protectors to be let slip when occasion offers. The fugitive who looked to Russia for support has met the fate of Sher Ali. It remains to be seen if the potentate who replaces him will turn out an Abdur Rahman.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" has an application of more than figurative significance to the King of Servia on his coronation day. In rather foolish imitation of the Roumanian dynasty the crown is fashioned of gun metal; and the principal check in the proceedings on Wednesday was caused by the temporary weakness of King Peter suffering under the

infliction of nine pounds of metal on his head. Those in search of omens might have extracted them from the effort of King Alexander's horse to throw his new master and from the falling of the Royal standard into the mud. The ceremony was almost wholly Servian. No State sent its head to attend the coronation and only a few allowed their representatives to be present. King Peter has not yet found power or indeed shown desire to give King Alexander's assassins their due; and it is to be hoped that the official sanction of the Powers to the methods of his accession will be withheld till he has made good this omission and in other ways done the duty of a king.

It is maintained in some Italian papers that the strikes which were organised as a protest against the behaviour of the police in Sardinia collapsed principally on account of the birth of a son to the King. Undoubtedly the news was the cause of rejoicing through Italy, partly from a general sense of the political value of an heir apparent, partly because people, whatever their political opinions, do rejoice in such an event. The sense of rejoicing may have had an indirect effect on the support of the strikes which collapsed with unusual rapidity. But a sympathetic strike which is independent of any essential need among the strikers and is designed only as the most effective method of protesting against a just and isolated deed, cannot in the nature of things last long. When attention had been forcibly called to the behaviour of the police, who do seem to have exceeded in zeal, the object was attained. However, if the King's son has strangled a number of strikes in his cradle Italy may well rejoice in the omen.

"Who said atrocities?" The appointment of the Belgian Commission to inquire into maladministration in the Congo excited vivacious interest in all humanitarian societies, and the Congo Reform Association at once addressed a strong protest to Lord Lansdowne, asserting the prejudice of the commission and the fatal limitation in its terms of reference. Unhappily on the following day the instructions to the commission were issued in Belgium, and they were such as to upset almost every allegation of the Reform Association. If we take the letter of the Belgian Government's recommendation to the three commissioners, nothing could be more satisfactory. The commission is left "full and unrestrained liberty, its autonomy and its initiative", and the Government will give every assistance in the collection of evidence from any person whatever. Lord Lansdowne has taken the lead in the reform of the Congo, and barbarous methods have in certain instances been already proved. But the cause of humanity is not helped by requesting him to protest against the Belgian Commission and accuse it of prejudice at the moment when its desire for independent inquiry has been even generously expressed. We have no monopoly of humanitarian ideals in this country.

The tactics pursued at the recent German manoeuvres seem to be somewhat antiquated, being much the same as those employed during the great Franco-German war. We still see positions attacked in very close formations, with men almost elbow to elbow, and supports and reserves following immediately behind in still closer order. It is true the German officers say that these are only big manoeuvre tactics, carried out because the closer formations enable their generals to have a better opportunity of handling large masses of men in the limited time which is necessarily devoted to manoeuvres on a large scale. But the great feature of the German manoeuvres before 1870 was their reality. So much so that men in 1870 used to remark that war was just the same thing. In future campaigns, however, they will hardly be able to say that, since on a large scale they will not have been trained—whatever may happen during company, battalion and brigade trainings—to realise the effect of modern firearms.

The appointment of Brigadier-General Lake as Chief of the Staff of the Canadian Militia could hardly have been improved upon. Apart from the fact that General Lake is a popular man with the Canadians, he has had

wide experience of defence problems both in Canada—where he has already been Quartermaster-General—and at the War Office when he was chief of the one highly efficient branch of that department, the Mobilisation. Canadian military affairs are in future to be run on new lines. There is no longer to be a general in command in an impossible position: but, after the pattern of the new Army Council, a board, whose chief expert adviser is to be a Chief of the Staff, is in future to administer affairs. The Canadian military problem has for long been a vexed one; and with General Lake's advent matters are at last likely to be placed on a satisfactory basis. For apart from being a man of exceptional ability and experience, General Lake above everything possesses in a high degree that rare and most essential qualification, tact.

That curious and unlovely attempt of the American Shipping Trust and other lines to rob the Cunard of its steerage passengers has come to an end. The ludicrous rates have this week increased by a third both by the German shipping lines and the White Star, the losses have been heavy during the interval; and the one result has been that unheard of numbers of poor emigrants have hurried out to America while the underselling was in full swing. In self-defence the Cunard was also forced into lowering its rates but it did not go to the absurd lengths of its rivals and has preserved a proper dignity throughout the competition thrust upon it. Even as things are all the lines will be carrying steerage passengers at a cost which implies a loss of money: they are giving charity to poor emigrants with the object of injuring each other. But this method of earning a livelihood by the precarious method of preventing your neighbour earning his seems to be an established principle in American commerce. Its success however seems to have limits.

We have had two political speeches this week: from Mr. Brodrick and from Lord Rosebery. They represent perhaps the extremes of seriousness and playfulness in politics; but both showed a similar and disconcerting determination to cover the whole ground of political events. They passed from parochial to imperial politics with ease and assurance and let each subject, as in a summary of the week, have a paragraph to itself. Lord Rosebery's paragraphs were lively enough, but something should be done to make public speakers preach from fewer texts, do one or two "turns", not absorb the programme. Is the tendency a surrender to the principles of modern journalism? Yet Lord Rosebery, it seems, missed one subject. Half the Irish press is outraged because the blessed word "devolution" did not occur in the whole of the Lincoln speech.

The plan to reduce the strength of the Nationalist party in the House of Commons by bringing in a Redistribution Bill has not appealed to us. Essentially it is rather a mean plan, a party dodge to prevent the Home Rule movement from becoming formidable again in the near future; it tastes too much of the wirepuller. Besides even from the party point of view, why goad the Irish members to fury when they are doing no particular harm? When the list of the seats to be disfranchised was read out during the debate on the Reform Bill some M.P.s grew pale with agitation; others were even moved to tears. Imagine the scene at Westminster to-day on the Opposition bench below the gangway upon the Irish M.P.s hearing their doomed seats mentioned. We would rather be in the Speaker's Gallery than on the floor of the House on such an occasion. But practically the plan is dead. The Ulster Unionist M.P.s are now attacking it! Mr. Moore will not hear of his side losing a seat, and he roundly rated the scheme in a speech this week. We expect to hear little more of it during the life of this Government.

It will not be the fault of an appreciative public if Mr. Balfour does not receive the Humane Society's medal for the preservation of life. It was proclaimed in appreciative type on Tuesday, as little as three days after the occurrence, that he had rescued several boys from drowning. The more grudging text only made it clear that he had "reluctantly consented not to go in the boat". But the incident was not

without its heroic elements. While Mr. Balfour and Mr. Lyttelton were playing a round at North Berwick they learnt that four boys had drifted out in a crazy boat. "Followed by an aristocratic company" the two athletes made for the shore and if any deny that it was heroic of Mr. Balfour to wade out into the water in his golfing putties hero-worship is dead in them. Not even a Prime Minister of Mr. Balfour's build will willingly face the ridicule of standing dripping on dry land with shrunk hose a world too tight about his legs; nor perhaps gratuitously risk "the praise that hurteth more than blame" of an eager press. Happily no worse consequences followed. "Mr. Balfour" continues the sympathetic reporter on Wednesday "was playing golf at Muirfield none the worse for his wetting". We hope the rest of "the aristocratic company" who lent a hand to the launching were equally fortunate in escaping the penalties of courage.

We half apologise for mentioning passive resistance: it is so uninteresting: still it is an event of the week. Dr. Clifford, according to the press, received the High Constable of Paddington with good humour on Monday, and bade him take his choice of a number of articles spread out on the table. The High Constable chose a couple of silver trowels. Silver trowels and the like are as a rule horribly Philistine objects. They are generally seen in company with large gilt clocks under glasses and with shocking little mantelpiece bronzes. These things should be removed as speedily as possible from all self-respecting households—one had as soon see shells on wool-work mats.

In a feeble way many people try passively to resist their friends giving such things to them. But a wedding is commonly made an excuse, in and out of the suburbs, for gifts of this order. Why should not newly married pairs, who are inundated with absurd-looking biscuit boxes or collected works of living authors presented by the authors themselves—a most objectionable fashion at the present time even obtaining at "smart weddings"—develop a conscientious objection to the rate, and spread out these wedding gifts on the table for the officials to choose from? In this way the scope of the passive resistance movement might be usefully enlarged. Mr. Beckett Faber member for the Andover division of Hampshire is, we notice, turning it neatly to account in another direction. At Winchester on Monday the Conservative agent withdrew all objections as to the vote of passive resisters, for Mr. Faber is anxious that none of his constituents should be disfranchised on the ground of passive resistance. Mr. Faber, we believe, is sure to win the support of the cricketers in the division: perhaps he will now get the support of the passive resisters as well.

The opening of the autumn term has been the occasion of the publication of much educational information. Not the least important is a report written by the English consul at Stuttgart on German education. His account of the real thoroughness of German methods, even in the more technical schools, should do something to dissipate the common ideas in the commercial parent of what German instruction is. Specialisation in practical science for younger pupils has no support from German authorities, who have asserted with remarkable unanimity the supreme importance of a thorough knowledge of one language other than German. Of the modern languages taught in the schools English has an extraordinary predominance; and the compliment to the commercial value of this tongue is not dissociated from an appreciation that German energy may most effectively impinge on English markets.

The report of the Board of Education on the working of the Education Act bears witness to unusual executive skill. The Act is now in full operation through the whole country, except in three Welsh counties, two Welsh boroughs and in the urban district of Edmonton. But the remarkable and least satisfactory part of the report is the account of the bye-laws to which the Board of Education has given its consent. To parents who desire to withdraw a child from the religious instruction

given in the schools every facility is now given. Children may be taken away not only from the lessons but from the school premises—an entirely new addition to the Act—during all the hours of religious instruction, if parents express any objection to the nature of the instruction given; and the permission has been very widely accepted. There would seem to be great objection to the practical working of such a bye-law; but whatever be thought of it and its effect on the discipline of a school it at least leaves the most sensitive conscience without a chance of grumbling.

Nervous people will be alarmed at the discovery, published in a report of the Local Government Board, that the range of the bacillus has been grievously underrated. Dr. Gordon on behalf of the board has been experimenting, especially on the bacillus streptococcus brevis which haunts the mouth of man. From the mouth of a really vigorous public speaker these bacilli may reach remote ranks of his audience; and presumably the stalls of a theatre, even the front rows of the pit, may be inclusively contaminated by a first-rate actor. Dr. Gordon has given, as if on purpose, a certain humorous turn to the expression of his views, but his experiments are of real value to medical science and the little known subject of the range of infection. The Essex folk who believed that infection was carried to their shore from the hospital ships on the river were not long ago laughed to scorn; but the most recent medical authority tends to support Dr. Gordon's thesis that the area of infection is much wider than was once thought and that contagion begins a long way beyond the touching point.

The French Government are taking an indirect and ingenious method of disendowing one of the religious communities which they have disestablished. The official liquidator of the Chartreuse monastery has apparently found a chemist who claims to have discovered by analysis the whole secret of the green and yellow liqueurs; and the scheme is to start a factory of "Chartreuse". The monks who have established themselves at Tarragona—a rather ominous spot—maintain the integrity of their secret and claim to be the sole manufacturers of the pure essence, with its full complement of medicinal qualities. Some such questions have been raised before. In the case of Benedictine the recipe—in which spirits, honey and the little yellow flower that grows on the hills above Fécamp are the chief ingredients—was made over to a company years ago, and the monks keep only a small royalty which is devoted to charitable purposes. But we sincerely hope that in the case of Chartreuse no surrender will be made to this Government chemist. Neither charity nor medicine is likely to benefit from his "contrefaçon". There is some suggestion that M. Lecouturier, the liquidator, hopes to get the Tarragona Chartreuse interdicted in France. He will at least have Government sympathy with his effort.

It is a ludicrous thing that a number of people who have no other bond of unity than a common sense that they disbelieve in rather more things than the rest of the world should hold a congress. The very title of the Freethinkers' Congress implies that they are "a congeries of irreconcilable elements" and the proceedings at Rome emphasised the definition. A member who ventured to see that all political opinions ought to be respected was howled down. It was a curious way of asserting the privilege of free thought. With a similar absence of humour the members made the proposal to erect a monument to universal peace the occasion of such an uproar that the president was forced to flee and the warring members shouted at each other without restraint. A very large proportion of the members came from France and many of them from Lyons. This excessive representation naturally gave some predominance to French politics, and the question of the separation of Church and State was the one subject on which any unity of opinion was expressed. On the question how the separation was to be effected no valuable suggestions were made, an absence of constructive criticism which, as an unusually clear-headed deputy remarked, went to show "the bankruptcy of free thought".

THE HUNGRY SCHOOL CHILD.

SIR JOHN GORST is not a man who does things by mistake, and he meant to draw the thunder when he publicly confessed his belief in throwing on the rates the burden of feeding every child who receives a free education. He was eminently successful. Pauperisation, interference with parental responsibility, encouragement of crime and such "potted moralities" were at once drawn from angry correspondents. The parable of the old philanthropist who found the barefooted children increase in exact proportion to his gifts of shoes made several appearances. It always will on such occasions, and has claims to be heard. No doubt the poorest may be pauperised, the least responsible parents tempted to greater irresponsibility and the greed for charity indefinitely encouraged. But every argument for letting ill alone notwithstanding, it is agreed by societies, commissions, teachers, clergymen, doctors, "good-workers" and all our social reformers, amateur and professional, sentimental and statistical, that in the insufficient and improper feeding of children lies much of the failure of education, mental and physical. Even the philistines who hold that this agitation for free feeding is a condemnation of free education have at least the virtue of consistency, and logically they and Sir John Gorst are of the same persuasion. But it is a logic of words, not of facts; Sir John Gorst, more intent on raising the issue than solving it, was doubtless quite aware that he was caricaturing the logic of the case—slipping in an illicit nexus—when he described free feeding as the necessary consequence of free education. Perhaps a sounder syllogism exists in the necessary association of compulsory feeding with compulsory education.

That many children come to school physically incapable of mental effort is the plain premiss from which all reformers will agree to start. For a great many hours in the week during the most critical period in a child's life the State stands to the child in loco parentis. It has voluntarily absorbed a portion of what once was a parent's duty; and as you cannot cut a child's life or character into compartments the State is partly responsible for what may be called the satellite duties. If you take a child from its parents till it is thirteen or fourteen and immure it for many hours in school, the mother may plausibly claim that since she cannot go to work for want of a child-nurse the State shall make good the deficiency in wages; the father that his son's potential earnings shall be made up to him; and both parents that the State shall provide the physical exercise which is made impossible for their child during these many school hours. The State prevents children bringing gain to their parents. Shall it not in justice pay some part of the expense it compels? A priori at least a case for free feeding exists. On the other hand the truths that underlie the stock arguments of pauperisation and the rest are not the less solid for being "cramb repetitions". The duty of parents to feed their children lies considerably deep in nature; and is still an instinct, more precious and stronger perhaps than is generally thought, with the poorest and most depraved. The more the instinct is weakened the worse for the State and the children of the next generation. With a system of free feeding it might be that the bulk of parents would elect to send their children to school at the earliest possible age—they may claim to send them at three—and grow to rejoice in losing the greater burden of responsibility for ten years. Also the practical difficulties in the mere mechanics of free feeding are immense. What a picture is called up by a free breakfast in the country! How hungry the children would arrive; how busy the complaint of the parents; how they would object to brown bread, and how many children would either suffer from a meal too much or waste the State's effort, as interpreted by the village cook, by misuse. Parliament would ring with quotations of Oliver Twist's experience, and gratitude for what is given for nothing be everywhere expressed in grumbling. We remember at a rectory luncheon hearing a good-for-nothing pauper's message delivered to the effect that he would be glad of "a little game and a custard pudding". Some, perhaps many, parents might arrive at such a

luxurious estimate of what a free meal ought to be. Experience of several actual experiments emphasises the difficulties. In some schools where free meals have been given they have not been appreciated and have been discontinued to the benefit of all. In other experiments apparent cases of malnutrition have been traced to unhealthy surroundings, sometimes even to excessive feeding on sweets, pickles and all manner of such "luxuries". Where children come to school listless, pale and dark-eyed it is generally found that the whole character of the home is to blame, its accommodation and cleanliness: and the meals are a part, in many cases a small part, of the source of contamination. On the other hand the provision of cheap meals by several charitable agencies has been of real value to poor and hardworking parents. A small vegetarian society provided last year through the winter months penny breakfasts, a price representing two-thirds of the total cost, at several centres in East London and the meal was a success beyond all cavil. Great numbers of parents who from one cause or another have temporary or permanent difficulty in preparing meals welcome, as keenly as their children and the schoolmasters, such help in one department of the training of children.

This experiment, which of course only touches the fringe of the subject, may give some hint of the principle of reformation; and suggest how the responsibility of the parent may be preserved along with the health of the child. Parents as well as children may be educated through the schools. Taking it as established that the health of the child is one of the chief concerns of the school, we arrive at a simple syllogism. The health of the child depends principally on the quality of the home. If the health is amiss something is amiss in the home; and the duty of the State will be neglected if some agency is not provided for discovering and remedying the root of the mischief. The parents may be too poor or too bad or too helpless to do their duty to the child, or the living room may be too small. Of all or any of these things the child is the signal; and thus the school may become the great intelligence department of social reform. The housing question is likely to be found the prime evil—all roads of social reform lead to that; but mistakes of feeding, which include deficiency of food, will be a sufficiently frequent cause, and it has to be acknowledged that under present conditions there is no effective method of correcting the error. Sir John Gorst thinks no remedy short of a universal system of State feeding will avail; and one must give some welcome to any suggestion which is inspired by a desire to do more, not less, for the poor in towns. After all real poverty due to urban conditions is often at the root of the mischief. Someone, and why not the ratepayer?—as such the most selfish of persons—must help the parents to bear their burden. We are now concerned solely with the provision of food; and the problem is narrowed to this, how to feed the children of parents discovered through the agency of the school to be necessitous. It is easy to advise, as many have advised, reporting them to this or that charitable agency. But can a citizen who feels any proper pride in belonging to a State which claims to be in the van of civilisation, so consent to shuffle off the nation's back one of its most elemental duties? The mere instinct of self-preservation in a healthy community should prevent the evasion. It is dangerous to weaken parental responsibility. Is it not also dangerous, even more dangerous, to weaken the responsibility of the State?

LORD ROSEBERY INDISPOSED.

HAS Lord Rosebery been reading his favourite novelist, Charlotte Yonge, too much of late? His speech at Lincoln was not up to the mark. We do not all see eye to eye with the "Times" political article writer in his views of the party leaders whom it is his privilege to set in their places; and have doubted whether claptrap is quite the best word to apply to the speeches of, say, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman or Mr. Asquith. He applies the words trite and commonplace to the arguments used by Lord Rosebery in the speech at Lincoln on Tuesday. They are rather

venturesome words to apply in a sweeping way to speeches of a statesman like Lord Rosebery, as a rule fastidious to a fault in his choice of argument. But perhaps some of Lord Rosebery's best admirers would not quarrel with the expressions if they were only used of this speech in comparison with other and far more illuminating speeches of his. We need not touch on the matter of the Lincoln speech, and belabour him in the approved party journalistic style for shortcomings in this. It was light for the most part, not a great call to arms. Rather, it was the manner of the speech that disappointed those who always look for a feast of delicate fare when they settle down to enjoy half a page of Lord Rosebery in the "Times". Lord Rosebery has set such a high standard in the form of public speech that any falling away on his part is naturally noticed at once. We expect from him, in grace and literary touch, nothing but the best and freshest. There must not be a suspicion of the smell of the lamp about his periods and phrasing, as there is about Mr. Asquith's strongest speeches: nor can we suffer him to quote Betsy Prig, or Mr. Kipling, or serve up Mr. Dick and King Charles' head—this is poaching on the ground of one whose speeches, for other reasons, we also settle down to read with expectation of profit. Lord Rosebery's speech did not smell of the lamp, and he is simply incapable of bringing in that barbarous tag about King Charles' head; but the choice of word and image was almost slovenly, when contrasted with his best and proper form. To take a few illustrations: in one part of his speech, he declared that the Liberal party had no intention to uproot and undo the fiscal policy under which England had prospered for so long a time. Here surely the image employed is careless and does not illuminate. You do not undo a thing you uproot, either in forestry, farming or gardening, and we take it that the image must relate to one of these three. In gardening, you often root divide after you have uprooted, for instance a phlox at the present time of year, or a dahlia in spring several months after you have dug it up. "The day of reckoning is at hand (cheers). The Government will soon be called upon to render an account of their stewardship" (cheers). Imagine this from Lord Rosebery! Why it is a tub-thumper's form of eloquence. We wonder Lord Rosebery, descending to these cheap depths, did not add something about the writing on the wall or the weighing in the balance: the one usually follows the other: perhaps he was going to do so when he was anticipated by the man in the audience—"a voice—" "They have been weighed in the balance and found wanting" (cheers). And then some of the light jests thrown in on the spur of the moment! "The other day a man wrote to Mr. Chamberlain—as I suppose many people are writing to Mr. Chamberlain" (laughter). Mr. Chamberlain is pictured as the man with the bellows who is always blowing the fire of the fiscal question. "Laughter" punctuated this passage about the bellows. At what will a man at a public meeting not laugh? A few weeks ago, writing a note on a speech of Mr. Chamberlain's, we were driven to compare him with the smith at the bellows: it was not very good, but a weekly review on Friday evening is now and then pressed for time. Now Lord Rosebery we like to think of as never being in a hurry; dallying always in the drawing-room of the intellect. His is the exquisite leisure—the gift—the taste. There is no excuse for him. It seemed to us he might have been a trifle dulled or depressed by reading Charlotte Yonge's excellent but somewhat obvious work instead of Disraeli's. But it is more likely that he is indisposed to give of his best at the present time to a public not all agog for politics and himself.

It might be argued that Lord Rosebery loses nothing of influence by allowing himself occasionally to neglect the literary niceties of speech, and by making jests appreciated by hearers who have a firm grasp of the obvious. Mr. Chamberlain, some would urge, does not waste time over trifles such as these, and he quotes from "Pickwick" and from Mr. Kipling to ringing cheers. It is true Mr. Chamberlain does, but then his line is not Lord Rosebery's. He is the man of action, concentration, force: not the aesthete. It is as hard to

imagine Mr. Chamberlain cultivating with all fastidiousness the literary graces as it is to imagine Lord Rosebery really concentrating, the accomplished man of action. Both, we may take it, have too true a sense of humour, and know themselves too well, to try to exchange parts.

It has puzzled people that Lord Rosebery, who makes so sure an appeal to the cultivated few, the epicures of politics, should yet exercise such a fascination over the many. One hears various explanations of this. It is said that the fact that he is a peer helps Lord Rosebery greatly, though he himself will playfully deplore his peerage. The position counts of course. It might mitigate the wrath against Lord Rosebery of a middle-class Tory to be reminded of this position. One touch of snobbery makes the whole world kin. It counts with the Radical in the street or public hall or at the West End Radical clubs—we should challenge confidently the "Daily News" to deny this. It is very natural, and venial after all. Who would wish to rob a poor man of his peer? Then he has won the Derby and owned Ladas; and we should never again believe anything the Nonconformist Conscience said if it denied that there were thousands of Radicals in town and village who value Lord Rosebery for this achievement. We rather like it ourselves.

However, these carnal things, though important, do not exhaust the list of Lord Rosebery's qualifications for great popularity in English public life. The prime qualification after all is his great power to charm and captivate people by intellectual gift. The subtler refinements, the choicest things in his speeches, may be, indeed we cannot see how they can fail to be, overlooked by the mass. But the general effect, on the non-superfine man in the crowd, of the superfine speech and manner and the voice—we remember Mr. Dillon declaring, after Lord Rosebery's speech on the Home Rule Bill in the Lords, that the voice was as telling as Gladstone's—is undeniable. Lord Rosebery holds his public—a census of which it would be interesting to have—in the main by his imagination, which is of choicer and rarer quality than that of any other English statesman to-day. The pageantry of his intellect attracts the man of the masses as well as the man of the classes. Lord Randolph Churchill at one time regarded him as a most dangerous person; and indeed he would be exceedingly dangerous, from a Tory point of view, had he the will to concentrate. But, unless the last ten years of his life belie him, he is the sybarite, and so need not be feared. May he long shilly-shally with politics, and keep the Liberals at the tiptoe of expectation, and half alarm the Tories. New men may be coming on, but they have not quite arrived yet, and we could not contemplate without misgiving an immediate future in politics having neither Lord Rosebery's fancy nor Mr. Chamberlain's force.

THE RED KING'S CROWNING.

IRON and copper kings, gipsy and washtub queens have long been familiar figures, but it has been reserved for the twentieth century to behold the solemn coronation, by an archbishop in a cathedral, of a king of the assassins. An accessory, at least after the fact, to one of the most savage crimes in history, a mere puppet in the hands of the Sadic scoundrels who prepared his throne, Peter Karadjordjević was in his element riding through the streets of Belgrade, escorted by those who killed his unfortunate predecessor—who knows? perhaps also by his own executioners. That he had grown white and haggard in the seclusion of his palace prison, that he nearly fainted twice during the ordeal, need not surprise. It must have been indeed an alarming trial for a timid recluse to come out again into the open and face a frowning people. A shield clattered on the pavement and he shrank as from a threatened bomb, while King Alexander's horse plunged and almost threw the usurper. The royal standard was dropped into the mire, affording an appropriate omen. The only wonder was that he had ventured upon a public ceremony even at the behest of his taskmasters. Torrents of rain had saturated the tawdry decorations and subdued the hollow

rejoicings of his unlovely supporters. Ragged regiments lined every street, even the very approach to the altar, compelling a sullen populace to artificial cheers, overawing the murmurs of those who still cherished the memory of their old master. Apathy, indifference, complaints against the extravagance of this sorry show in a lean year of drought and threatening famine, resentment against the national degradation and the displeasure of Europe induced by last year's crime: these were the predominant sentiments at the Red King's crowning.

Servia is a mediæval State, conserving and petrifying the thought, habits, atmosphere of a darker age. Just as in the Plantagenet or Tudor times, dynastic differences, the griefs of the great, the falls of the mighty affected only an inner coterie, so the lines of a Shumadian or Machvan peasant still lie very far away from palace plots or ministerial muddles. A bad maize harvest, a porcine epidemic, the standing grievance of taxation: these are the only immediate concerns of the great majority in the nation. But they cherish also a pride in the glories of their past, the details of their imperial history live and thrive in their hearts, they resent the extinction of all hopes of expansion, they may at least be moved to action when it is borne home to them that the destinies of the Balkan peninsula must be ordered without heed of their voice. This sentiment will have to be regarded in any prognostication of Servia's future. Already a peasants' party has been organised by honest and skilful leaders; frequent meetings and demonstrations are held in every town and village; the "Seljak" (peasant), a sober yet brilliant daily newspaper, enjoys an enormous circulation and propagates honourable, patriotic principles. The seljats are tired of seeing their fatherland condemned as a pariah and, so soon as they realise their strength, they may be trusted to make it felt. They will have much ground to recover, but their high natural qualities, their patience, their industry, the potential wealth of the kingdom are all on their side, and they have no need to despair. They are shrewd enough to realise that England has shown herself their best friend by refusing to recognise the King and servant of regicides. They will add this good turn to the many memories of British sympathy and encouragement during the struggle of their emancipation. Had King Edward followed the lead of nearer neighbours and exposed his representative to the sanguinary society now in the ascendent at Belgrade, it would have been a far harder task to expedite the return of pale Peter to Geneva. As it is, he has no friend within or without his realm save those who are numbered among his accomplices. Few and evil must be the years of his reign. Two alternatives alone remain. Either ambitious neighbours will absorb Servia: Austrians and Bulgarians have long been waiting for the over-ripe pear to drop into their maw. Or else a new dispensation may be inaugurated upon old lines. The secret of King Alexander's downfall stands revealed by his effort to make Servia independent of foreign influences. His predecessors had rung the changes on Russophil and Austrophil policies. He was a true Serbophil and acted up to the motto: *Serbia farà da se*. With a united and determined people behind him he might have ignored or overcome all foreign interference as old Milosh Obrenović did aforetime. Now another statesman need not despair of resuming the reins, which were so rudely snatched from Alexander's hands. He might restore order and good government at home and once more look over the border to those Servian lands, which were the recognised reversion of Dushan's heirs. Who that statesman may be, it is yet premature to forecast. The Prince of Montenegro, despite the perseverance of his desires, has sold himself too often to Russia and, himself a dependent, could scarcely champion the independence of others. Prince Mirko is still an unknown factor, but his marriage with a daughter of the old House would smooth many crooked paths. Perhaps the happiest solution might be to raise a new dynasty from some vojvode stock as in former times of extremity.

Without a revolution of some sort, the degeneration of Servia must continue with compound velocity. The removal of guilty conspirators from court and camp

has been so frequently and so vainly promised that the friends of decency may well despair. The only avenue to promotion lies in sympathy with crime; the only safety for honest men is secured by silence over the horrors of the immediate past; not only freedom of the press, but freedom of thought is laid under an interdict in defiance alike of constitutions and common law and common sense; elections have been reduced to a corrupt farce; the only remaining liberty is that of evil doers to do what seems ill even in their own eyes. Never in the history of the world has such a state of hateful anarchy been able to endure. Though human laws be abrogated, the laws of nature and social economy remain. Crime is no substitute for a code. Impudence unfortified by constructive powers or the honour even of thieves is a broken reed to prop up so much as a Balkan throne. By his injudicious coronation, Peter has flaunted his feebleness in the face of Europe, reminding her that, if Serbia will not act, another's turn has come. In South America remote outbreaks of anarchy may be tolerated for a season because it is no one's interest to interfere. But within a few hours' railroad of civilised countries, in an electric atmosphere where a spark may produce a continental conflagration, instincts of self-preservation come into play.

FIGURES OF THE FISCAL QUESTION.—I.

CONTINENTAL economists who have watched closely the progress of the fiscal agitation in this country are impressed with the conviction that too much has been made, alike by "free traders" and by "protectionists", of the facts which favour their respective views. According to that eminent economist, Professor Schmoller, the free traders persist in painting the economic condition of this country in unnecessarily brilliant hues, and inferring far too much from the increased prosperity between 1840 and 1900 as measured by the import and export trade. On the other hand, those who advocate a reversal of the fiscal system, the so-called "protectionists" of the present time, are certainly guilty of painting their picture too black. In the series of articles of which this is the first, we shall try to deal impartially and faithfully with one of the most important aspects of this great controversy. The economic progress of the nation during the last half-century will be examined, and the extent to which this has been accelerated or retarded by the fiscal arrangements of this country referred to. A careful analysis will be made of the various tests of national prosperity which have been put forward by prominent free-traders. Special attention will be given to the large masses, the wage-earning classes, of the nation, in order to discover in those cases where progress is proved in the nation as a whole, if the same, or greater, or lesser progress is to be found in each of the constituent groups of the nation.

The method here adopted is one with which the scientific student is familiar. We apply first a low-power microscope to the object to be examined. This gives a comparatively extensive field of view, revealing the general character of the specimen. More information being required, a higher-power microscope is applied, which, while restricting the field of view considerably, permits an examination of the various and minute details. Clearly the joint impressions of the two modes of observation will be much more valuable. The main object is to discover whether the lot of the wage-earning classes of the community has improved in a measure commensurate with the progress of the rest of the nation. Has the relative well-being of the different classes been maintained, or have the improved conditions and increased wealth been distributed unequally and to the disadvantage of the working classes? The problem is a difficult one, but not impossible of solution. When this has been done, the next step will be to ascribe the observed effects to their true causes. Only with the aid of such knowledge can one hope to prognosticate the future.

It must not be forgotten that the path of the nation during the last sixty years has been determined by a complex set of conditions the effect of each of which it

is desirable, however impossible, to isolate. From our point of view it is especially desirable and of the utmost importance to isolate the effects, whatever they may be, of the fiscal policy, from the effects of all the remaining active forces. It cannot be assumed that in the conditions which will arise during the next few years here, throughout the Empire and the rest of the world, fiscal policy and those other conditions which make for the well-being and progress of the nation will continue to remain forces of the same relative value. In the past we have had the advantage of, and have gained enormously from, the great increase in the means of communication by land and sea, the immense developments and improvements due to invention and discovery, the discovery of new economical sources of motive-power, a great improvement in the bodily health of all classes, and the growth of the "migratory instinct", as well as our policy of free imports. It may be that in some of these directions further progress is impossible—though who will set limits to their onward march?—while in others the progress in the future may put all past records in the shade. Under the new conditions which will then arise will our rate of progress be greater, or less; or will it disappear entirely? The answer is only possible after the influences of each of these several factors are known.

So far the problem has been enunciated in perfectly general terms. We come now to closer quarters with our subject. An argument urged with considerable force by free-traders which has had no less an effect on the minds of the masses of the people is that, during the free-trade epoch, the national wealth and the national income have increased enormously. The inference which has been only too readily drawn is that free-trade (i.e. free imports into the United Kingdom) has been the causa causans of this extremely gratifying result. For the moment we need not attempt to expose the fallacy of this argument, which will be apparent from the warning given above. We can confine ourselves to a consideration of the facts of that enormous accretion of wealth.

An estimate of the income of the United Kingdom for 1841 quoted by Dudley Baxter in his book on "The National Income" gave the figure of £450,000,000. For the year 1903 estimates by Sir Robert Giffen and by Mr. Bowley give, respectively, the figures £1,750,000,000 and £2,000,000,000. Other estimates which have been made in the interval are as follows:

Year	Authority	Estimated income millions sterling.	Income per head
1841	—	450	28
1858	Levi	600	22
1863	Baxter	825	28
1867	Levi	961	32
1883-4	Sir L. Mallet	1,280	36
1885	Levi	1,274	35
1885	Marshall	1,185	33
1903	Giffen	1,750	42
1903	Bowley	2,000	47

A glance down the above list indicates at once the degree of confidence which may be placed on the various estimates made by different authorities. Two estimates by Professor Leone Levi and Professor Marshall for the year 1885 differ by nearly 100 million pounds. Two other estimates by Sir Robert Giffen and Mr. Bowley for 1903 give results differing by 250 million pounds. In the one case the estimates of competent authorities differ by 7 per cent.; in the other case by as much as 14 per cent. It is probable therefore that none of these estimates can be relied upon as being within 10 per cent. of the truth. Yet it must be admitted that the figures in the third column indicate an undeniably large increase in the total income during the last 60 years, amounting to, probably, from 250 to 300 per cent. During this interval the population increased from 16 to 42 millions or by 160 per cent. In the last column allowance is made for the growth of the population, from which it appears that the income per head of the population has grown from £28 in 1841 and £22 in 1858 to about £45 in 1903, an increase of from 60 to 100 per cent.

It is interesting to compare these figures with the best

estimates extant for other countries. It is then possible to see to how great an extent the growth of income in the United Kingdom is unique. In France, the estimated income in 1848, according to Chevalier, was 10,000 million francs. In 1892 Foville estimated the income at 25,000 million francs. These estimates show an increase in the total income during the period 1848-1892 of from 100 to 150 per cent. During that time the French population grew from 34,700,000 to 38,300,000, an increase of over three and a half millions or 10 per cent. The income per head thus rose from 290 francs to 650 francs, or by 120 per cent., in a period three-quarters as great as that given above for the United Kingdom. In the Kingdom of Prussia, Soetbeer estimated the income to have increased from 7,000 million marks to 10,000 million marks in the period 1872-1890. In Saxony the net aggregate income rose from about 1,000 million marks in 1875 and 900 million marks in 1878 to nearly 1,700 million marks in 1894. Of the progress of every European country where an estimate is possible or has been made the same tale is told. The income per head of the population, as also the income for the whole population, shows a considerable and continuous upward tendency, and is growing at a rate commensurate with and in many cases greater than that of the United Kingdom.

THE CITY.

THE want of confidence in the future to which we have had occasion to refer as characterising the general attitude of the City towards finance has been especially marked during the past week. Rates have remained low, the reserves of the Bank as shown in Thursday's return continue to gain strength, and yet these essentials, which in normal times would unquestionably promote a healthy and rising market in the finer securities, are without any lasting effect. There have been a few intermittent periods when a short flush of business seemed to promise a better state of affairs, but with no steady support prices have slipped back with few exceptions. Apart from the belief that Russia and Japan must ere long have recourse to Europe for further loans, rumours of issues on account of the Home Government in the shape of Local loans and Exchequer bonds are circulated, whilst in the background is the talk of a London County Council loan. There is no positive information in regard to any of the above, but the fact that they are spoken of adds to the restlessness which checks business in every way.

The unsatisfactory revenue returns which are important as a reflection of the lessened prosperity in the upper grades of the community—the shrinkage being mainly from the yield in income-tax and wine duties—did not tend to improve the general feeling and the effect was further accentuated by the traffic returns of the home railways which show considerable decreases with the exception of the Great Central Company. The foreign market has been occupied with the Japanese loans which have shown strength, and the Chinese railway loans have also been in demand; otherwise the market has not been as active as last week.

American rails have been subject to the wide fluctuations which are associated with Wall Street. The estimate attributed to Mr. Hill as to the deficiency in the wheat crops was utilised to depress prices in grain-carrying lines, but it appeared to be a market move only, and since the publication of the statement there has been a recovery in the stocks chiefly affected. From inquiries made in disinterested quarters however there would appear to be no reason to anticipate any considerable shortage from the official estimates. During the past week we have had the opportunity to read an interesting report by a conservative and well-informed American banking house on the general condition of financial and commercial affairs in the United States. The report to which we allude deals chiefly with the remarkable progress made by the States during the past few years, and draws attention to the fact that whilst the increase of the world's production of gold during the past seven years has been 32 per cent. the proportionate increase held by the United States has been 57 per cent. during the same period. The report does not pretend to analyse the respective

merits of the different railroads, but the evidence of steadily increasing wealth generally must naturally be satisfactory to the investor in this country who holds the bonds and prior securities of the lines.

The affairs of the Chartered Company have been considerably discussed of late and the announcement that authority will be sought from the shareholders to increase the capital of the company to £6,000,000 by the creation of a further million shares was not unexpected. The circular which is now public mentions that the shares will be offered to the shareholders at £1 1s. a share and that 500,000 shares have been underwritten. The negotiations with the representatives of the colonists have evidently fallen through and on the lines proposed it is difficult to see how the result could have been otherwise, although inspired statements have been made from time to time that a satisfactory solution of the points at issue was probable. In these circumstances and in view of the pressing necessity of the company for additional funds, it was desirable that the issue—or part of it—should have been secured by underwriting. The immediate effect appears to have been that those who were in possession of the actual facts sold the shares at higher prices and, protected as they are by their underwriting notes, must make a fine profit on the transaction at the expense of their less fortunate fellows.

CANADIAN LIFE OFFICES.

ON account of the new arrangement which allows rebate of income-tax on premiums paid for Life assurance to colonial companies, we have been reviewing in some detail the positions of the various colonial Life offices transacting business in the United Kingdom. Hitherto we have dealt with the Australian offices, and have seen that British policy-holders can assure with some of them to great advantage, especially for certain kinds of policies. It remains to consider the positions of the Canadian companies.

The Canada Life, which was founded in 1847, is a proprietary company which opened a branch in this country in 1903. In little more than half a century it has accumulated funds amounting to more than five and a half millions, upon which interest is yielded at the rate of about £4 8s. per cent. Policies effected prior to 1900 are valued on a $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. basis, and policies effected in 1900 or since are valued at 3 per cent. There is thus a substantial margin for surplus from this source. The rate of expenditure, however, is very nearly 30 per cent. of the premium income, or fully double the average expenditure of British offices, and it is probable that a considerable portion of the surplus derived from interest is absorbed in paying the difference between the expenditure provided for and the expenditure incurred. The shareholders take 10 per cent. of the surplus, which, from a policy-holder's point of view, has to be considered as expenditure. We believe the Canada Life conducts the bulk of its business on the tontine bonus plan, the objections to which we have frequently explained. While recognising that the company is unquestionably sound, that its bonus prospects are fairly good, and that it is being excellently managed in this country, we have not been able to discover any policy in its prospectus which offers superior attractions to those which can be obtained elsewhere.

The Sun Life Insurance Company of Canada commenced business in 1865 and has been working in the United Kingdom for some years. At the latest valuation some of its policies were valued at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and some at 4 per cent., while the rate of interest earned upon its funds is approximately $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Like other Canadian offices it is managed very extravagantly according to British notions, since more than 29 per cent. of the premiums are absorbed in commission and expenses, and there are dividends to shareholders to provide for in addition. The company works largely on the tontine bonus system, and like other Canadian offices supplies full particulars to each policy-holder as to the surrender values, loans, paid-up policies on surrender and the like, which are guaranteed at the end of each year of policy duration. These are good features in their way, but unless accompanied by excellent bonus results are

not sufficient to attract policy-holders who wish to assure to the best advantage. The company issues policies of many kinds, but we have been unable to discover a single contract which we can recommend as being better for the policy-holder than he can obtain elsewhere.

The other Canadian company is the Independent Order of Foresters, which works on the fraternal system that is very little known and nearly always misunderstood in this country. In Canada and the United States fraternal societies are extremely popular and their work is very highly valued. It is unfortunately the case that nearly all of them started by charging inadequate rates of premium, and the majority of the fraternal societies are charging too little for their insurance benefits at the present time. Vigorous efforts are, however, being made to remedy this state of things, and the Independent Order of Foresters has been the most prominent company in bringing about a better state of affairs. Its own rates of premium provide as much for the payment of claims at death as ordinary assurance companies provide for the same purpose: but its rates of premium are lower because it pays no bonuses, no dividends to shareholders, and no surrender values, while the proportion of the Life assurance premiums which can be taken for expenses of management is limited to 5 per cent. The society does not sell Life assurance cheaply, but it sells Life assurance protection by itself, whereas other companies sell various other benefits in addition. The special features of the Order are greatly appreciated in Canada and the United States, where it is best known and understood and where its business is very extensive.

THE KINDLY FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

NOW has come round again the season of harvest festivals when the dweller in Suburbia is reminded that his daily food has a source more remote than the familiar shops and that some of it is, or used to be, grown in this England of ours. The latter fact is still apt to be realised but imperfectly, even though our friend has but just returned from his holidays, for the country frequented by the holiday-maker, seaside or mountain, is rarely of a very agricultural character. A modern harvest too goes off very quietly, the hock-cart and all the country circumstance of harvest home are extinct; indeed we think the depressed farmer here and there might make something by reviving the revels as a spectacle. With suitable readings by a popular actor or a dean (the appropriateness of a rural dean should excuse his lesser dignity), such a show might easily become fashionable. Good earnest people would bring their children to so essential a feature of the older English literature—that harvest home which Herrick sang and where Shakespeare set his scene:

"The harvest swains and wenches bound
For joy to see the hock-cart crown'd.
About the cart, hear, how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout;
Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves;
Some prank them up with oaken leaves:
Some cross the fill-horse; some with great
Devotion, stroke the home-borne wheat."

Meantime however the Church holds the field, the vicar's daughter or the curate's wife leads the activities of the unattached ladies of the parish and the churches under their hands grow gay with chrysanthemums and sunflowers, dahlias and michaelmas daisies, the lighter embroideries on a more solid background of vegetable marrows and giant cauliflowers. The difficulty is to get any corn at all; even the milkman, that general link between town and country, is apt to fail at this point, but the better-class florists are beginning to meet the annual need and one of our farmer friends makes quite a pleasant little sum out of wheat and barley for decorative purposes cut early when the straw is still bright. Thus have harvest festivals become mere æsthetic exercises in Suburbia, somewhat pathetic witnesses to the love of the land which in spite of the trend of civilisation still lies deep in the ordinary Englishman's

breast. In the true country things are not so gay and the spirit of thanksgiving has been chastened for many years now. We call to mind a typical clayland parish in the East Midlands, where the hunting is poor and the soil too cold for partridges, where living is in consequence unfashionable and no new tenants have taken the big houses which the old families can no longer afford to occupy. Once it was good wheat and bean land and harvest thanksgiving meant a full church and a bumper collection for the Agricultural Benevolent; now the corn crops are poorer and much of the land has gone down to melancholy pasture. There is still a harvest festival but the shrunken congregation in the big dilapidated church is all of a piece with the attenuated decorations (for the parish has no longer its young people to see after these things) and takes all heart out of the rejoicings.

Farming still has its joys but how much greater they must have been when in the full stackyard you saw not only something to sell but the material out of which your next year's bread and beer were going to be made, when your mutton grazed over the hedge and up in the loft you could plunge your arms into the curled fleeces which were to be spun into your winter coat. As seasons go, however, the farmer has more cause to be thankful over the present harvest than over many he has experienced of late years. To begin with, it has been won early and cheaply; the corn mostly stood up to the binder, and the weather, even in the north, caused no serious interruption to the ingathering nor injury to the grain. After the dreary Augusts and Septembers of 1902 and 1903 this year's harvest was like a holiday. We find also wheat stands at a higher price than it has done for a very long time at this season of the year. A generally poor crop and transatlantic speculation are the immediate factors determining the rise; none the less it is clear that the world's population is year by year growing more rapidly than the wheat supply, and the turn of the wheel is coming round which will make wheat-growing again a really profitable branch of English farming. Unfortunately this season our farmers have but little wheat to sell: owing to the wet autumn of 1903 the acreage under wheat is the smallest ever recorded and the men who have threshed report even a poorer yield than was expected. The high price has tempted some men to thresh too soon, afraid lest the rise should vanish with some turn in the Chicago market; in consequence prices have drooped a trifle because of the many cold samples which wanted another month in the stack to condition. This year also there is much more fine barley about and malting samples are commanding a distinctly better range of prices than they did last year. Oats also are somewhat dearer, although the acreage of the crops shows a very considerable increase for the year. Oats were so much sown where the land had been too wet for wheat and could not be got ready in time for barley even. Straw is likely to be scarce and in many places will be dearer than hay, which is cheap and abundant.

Potatoes are being lifted and the reports are variable; the Lothians appear to be better off than Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, while nowhere do there seem to have been the wholesale failures through disease which were common last year. Disease has been about, but as far as our own observation goes it has been more generally the early leaf-curling disease than the regular blight. At Spalding, which is the great potato market, there seems to be a renewal of last winter's "boom" in new varieties, but we fancy the excitement is a little factitious and the great mass of growers will not come in. The public will have to absorb a lot of El Dorados and Northern Stars at big prices if the growers who gave such extreme figures for their seed are to get their own again, and unless they do so there will not be much market for the still newer sorts.

Turning to the more special crops: the hop-grower finds himself in a stronger position than he has been for fifteen or twenty years; last year there was a very scant crop but the brewer managed so to eke out the supply with hops from cold store, old hops and foreign stuff of the commonest kind, that prices never rose to the level of the growers' expectations. This year the crop is smaller than before, the old hops are practically exhausted and the foreigner has barely enough for his

own consumption; hence the market has already opened at rates above anything known for the last ten years.

Of course many hop-growers have such small crops that they will be barely remunerated. Some men even have nothing at all, but the really skilful grower, who secures a crop under the most adverse conditions, is going to obtain some return for several years when with all his trouble and expenditure he reaped little more than his most careless neighbour. The fruit-grower on the contrary is rather suffering from a year of excess, following on the almost total failure of last season; plums without quite glutting the market are too plentiful to be very profitable and only good apples are remunerative at the present time. The apple crop is really very large everywhere, and though apples keep long enough to prevent the breakdowns to which the market in more perishable fruits is liable, there are too many of the soft early apples for all to be saleable.

Since the corn has been stacked there has been enough rain to bring a fresh growth in the pastures, which are looking full of keep all over the country. Similarly the turnips have improved, especially the late sowings where the earlier ones had failed, and the prospects of winter fodder are good everywhere. In the south too the weather has just suited the catch crops of mustard or crimson clover sown on the stubbles, so that there is abundance of keep in sight. This is naturally reflected in good prices for store stock; the lamb sales have gone well all over the country, and Irish beasts or Welsh runts of good quality for fattening can only be picked up at comparatively high prices. The pedigree stock sales have opened extremely well. Argentine buyers seem to be here in force, and though no records have yet been made it is rare indeed that such an average has been achieved as the Lincoln longwools made the other day.

So there are many farmers this season on better terms with the world and more inclined to renew the ancient festivities of harvest-tide—had not alas! the spirit of such things for ever departed since the excursion train has taught the country swain to find his pleasures in the music-hall.

Come out of doors instead if you would return thanks for the kindly fruits of the earth in their due season; the north wind sweeps steadily, but the autumnal sunshine is yet hot and fragrant; the hum of the threshing machine supplies a deep burden to the song of the laughing women gathering apples and the cry of the lambs on the uplands where the shepherd is shifting fold into a fresh field of colewort; below on the misty flats where the smoke blows thinly from the burning weeds on the newly turned stubbles the sleek teams are ploughing the leas for the new wheat. Seed-time and harvest—the harvest indeed is over, but the eternal cycle has begun again.

"AN ENGLISH MAN OF LETTERS."

"EVERY gentleman knew that there was a wide and material difference betwixt a gentleman who was fond of his bottle, and that unfortunate being an habitual drunkard. For his own part, it was his established rule never to go to bed without a proper quantity of liquor under his belt; but he defied the universe to say he was ever known to be drunk." This startling assertion could not bring King Condy's veracity into question; for, according to his definition, and to the received opinion of his Court, 'No man could be called drunk so long as he could lie upon the ground without holding it'."

If this passage were set for identification in an English literature examination, how many would be able to trace it to Miss Edgeworth's "Ormond"? "The Great Maria", as Edward Fitzgerald called her, is best known as the moralist of the nursery. Perhaps one should use the past tense, for the modern nursery seems to have no morals. Its ideals are not those that were impressed on wayward youth seventy years ago: the up-to-date child, true father of the modern man, devotes to self-advertisement the few moments not absorbed in pleasure. If he is kind to animals, one half suspects some recondite motive. Not so Miss

Edgeworth's "Frank": "Mamma, I am going to behave to this snail as I should wish to be behaved to myself if I were a snail." This seems to be an instance overlooked by commentators of what Ruskin called the Pathetic Fallacy. Frank, no doubt, was a pedantic little prig, but the snail (who, in this democratic age, must be allowed a right to its own point of view) would perhaps prefer him to the more strenuous and selfish infant of the twentieth century. After all, a nemesis was to be expected for the old-fashioned teaching: the glorification of the parent in Miss Edgeworth's day was bound to produce revolt. Miss Lawless* wonders that Frank's mamma did not rise and slay him; but to-day we should rather expect little Rosamond to hale her mother to a police-court after the cruel trick with the Purple Jar. The fact is that Miss Edgeworth herself was an ardent upholder of the patria potestas alike in her life and her writings. Her father, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, has been much censured by his daughter's biographers, and no doubt his literary influence over his daughter was unfortunate. His fragment of an autobiography, however, is remarkably entertaining, and he was a man of infinite variety, as befitted the husband of four wives and father of nearly a score of children. From his ancestors, an Anglo-Irish family dating from the Reformation, he had inherited rigid principles tempered by saving eccentricities. Miss Lawless is so unkind as to subject his own random account of them to the dry light of historic criticism, but incidentally she obscures the point of one excellent story of "Protestant Frank", a hero of King William's reign. This sound theologian on one occasion, having lost all his loose cash, staked the diamond earrings his wife was wearing. The lady dutifully handed them over, but next morning exacted a promise from her husband that he would never again gamble with cards or dice. He was a man of honour: a few days later his wife discovered him in the haggard betting furiously on the length of the straws he and his friends were pulling out of a stack. Richard Lovell Edgeworth, however, was too much of a philosopher for such follies. Hasty critics have founded unwarranted conclusions on the fact that he wrote didactic prefaces to his daughter's books, and directed her lively pen into the paths of utility. But the root of utilitarianism is not in him: he had too much humour. One has only to compare the record of his multifarious life with such abhorrent instances as that of the dour James Mill dragging his unfortunate son John Stuart out for a walk made hideous by improving conversation, to see that mere principles could not mould an Irishman into a genuine utilitarian. He had some reason to regard himself as a favourite with the sex, and he so far deferred to Bentham's maxim of the greatest happiness of the greatest number as to bestow his hand upon four ladies in succession. He cut off the hair of a daughter in the bachfisch stage because an officer openly admired it. He had little opinion of romance: "propinquity, propinquity"! he said when discussing the causes of matrimony. But he was a really useful member of society; had a turn for mechanical invention, was an excellent magistrate and a model landlord at a time when such were rare. During the rebellion of 1798 he raised a regiment of his own tenants (many Roman Catholics) whom the Government would not trust with arms, and was nearly lynched by a loyalist mob at Longford because the candle by whose light he read the newspaper was interpreted as a signal to the French invaders. Meanwhile the rebels in their progress spared his country house, partly as a tribute to his housekeeper's virtues. It is hard on a man to live in history as an incubus on his daughter, and probably Maria judged him more fairly than her commentators. Byron (of whom the Edgeworths disapproved) has left a severe judgment: "Her conversation was as quiet as herself; no one would have guessed she could write her name. Whereas her father talked, not as if he could write nothing else, but as if nothing else was worth writing." But by that time Mr. Edgeworth, aged seventy, had possibly impaired his social gifts by a long course of giving his little senate laws. In our own day

* "Maria Edgeworth" (English Men of Letters). By the Hon. Emily Lawless. London: Macmillan. 1904. 2s. net.

he has been the subject of a monograph by Mrs. Tollemache. We linger in his company not only because it is refreshing but because Maria Edgeworth's life was mainly composed of her father's proceedings.

She came to Ireland at the age of fifteen, in the year of legislative independence. She passed through the horrors of '98 with unfailing pluck and cheerfulness. She lived to see the power of the landed gentry—the theme of her best books—shattered by O'Connell's agitation, and died on the morrow of the great Famine. The Edgeworths, like most of the resident landowners, made every possible sacrifice to help their starving people: their posthumous reward has been the legend of landlord inhumanity, repeated by so many glib liars that to-day honest men believe it true. Miss Lawless breaks away splendidly from previous writers when she points out how much Maria lost by spending her childhood in English schools and the provincial elegance of Lichfield, under the austere wing of the author of "Sandford and Merton", whose affection for the vivacious Richard survived two successful rivalries in love: only those who have been children in Ireland, the land of perpetual youth and irresponsibility, can know how much Miss Edgeworth lost. Miss Lawless knows, and in six lines compresses more wisdom on this subject than is to be found in the tomes of all her predecessors. But she seems to miss the important point that Maria's aloofness from all the elements which make up the Celtic spirit—the term is vulgarised and parodied to-day, but no other will serve—may be ascribed to her English childhood. When she speaks of the fairies, it is with the contemptuous voice of the enlightened: one can see that she had never listened with whole-hearted awe to the lore of the peasantry. Poor little Maria! She was watching dingy sparrows in Wimpole Street when she ought to have been listening to the curlew's whistle or roaming over the bogs beloved by snipe and redshank. It is wonderful that her belated home-coming allowed her to acquire so much of the root of the matter. The severe Miss Zimmern, the painful Mr. Hare (need we say that we use the epithet in the proper seventeenth-century meaning) may point out that it was an excellent thing for an Irish novelist to see the country first as a stranger. No doubt it helped her to describe for the benefit of English readers, but it compelled her generally to describe and not to interpret. We would not be misunderstood: she owed much to her familiarity with English life, for a purely insular Irish writer is always parochial, limited in outlook. But she would have gained by taking to her English school the memories of an Irish nursery. It is true that she escaped her father's boyish misfortunes: poor Richard was persecuted at Warwick for his brogue, bullied at Drogheda for his "English accent".

And yet when Miss Edgeworth let herself go, as she did in "Castle Rackrent", she showed extraordinary understanding of the Irish peasant. Yet even here it is the peasant telling his story to a gentleman: she did not quite know how he regarded it all in his heart of hearts. Old Thady with his apparently unquestioning reverence for the quality was, after all, the great-grandfather of Landleaguers, and the last twenty years would have been less vindictive had Thady's fellow-peasants not felt their own grievances more keenly than they ventured to express. The Rackrent family are a pure delight to the reader, whatever they may have been to their tenants. There is Sir Murtagh, "a very learned man in the law, and had the character of it; but how it was I can't tell, these suits that he carried cost him a power of money: in the end he sold some hundreds a year of the family estate; but he was a very learned man in the law, and I know nothing of the matter, except having a great regard for the family", and Sir Kit, who when his wooden-legged opponent in a duel stuck fast in a ploughed field "with great candour fired his pistol over his head"; and last of all poor Sir Condry, who "was very ill-used by the Government about a place that was promised him and never given, after his supporting them against his conscience very honourably, and being greatly abused for it, which hurt him greatly, he having the name of a great patriot in the country before". "The Absentee" is a story with a purpose which impairs its artistic value

and did not succeed in reforming the class it admonishes, but it contains excellent scenes.

But Miss Edgeworth moves in more general society with an ease denied to most novelists. When she did leave Edgeworthstown, it was to pay country-house visits in England, or to find a welcome in Paris, London, Edinburgh, from the people best worth knowing. Her stories of "Fashionable Life" are at least written from the inside, and if she insists too much on morals she is never at fault in manners. Her conversation must have been more amusing than that of declared wits, and her letters are delightful, whether she is shaking her head—though she hates scandal—over the simultaneous disappearance of the Venus de' Medici and the Apollo Belvedere, or writing at the age of seventy-two to her sister to explain—in the local dialect—that she will give up climbing ladders. In Miss Lawless she has at last found a biographer alive to the charm of the real woman, obscured in so many minds by the writer of improving little tales. Perhaps Ireland makes moralists of all her best sons and daughters: the irresponsible gaiety is in the blood, and yet—and yet there is the melancholy, the consciousness that so many things are wrong, the inevitable desire to make the people they love a little more thrifty, a little more industrious. . . . Had Miss Edgeworth lived in England she would have lost the taste for sermons. If the devil at times tempts us to laugh at funerals, some other spirit sets us preaching at the sight of a wake.

To-day writers hard up for a subject are fond of deploring that Ireland has never found a Sir Walter Scott. Scott was the most modest of men, the most generous in his appreciation, and he was serious when he declared that Miss Edgeworth's work had suggested to him to attempt for Scottish life what she had done for Irish. Exaggerated as is this praise, she laid a fine foundation for a structure that no hand has been found to raise. Only "Castle Rackrent" is first-rate: and she wrote voluminously. She is unduly neglected to-day: even her "Essay on Irish Bulls" has been so completely forgotten that Miss Lawless' publishers solemnly describe her excellent little book on a thoroughly feminine distinctively Irish writer as the life of "an English Man of Letters".

RAMBLING DRIVING RECOLLECTIONS.—III.

THE Irish car is not exactly a luxurious conveyance, but it seems suited to the needs and traditions of the country. There is a happy-go-lucky dash about it; with a devil-may-care fashion of driving. No doubt manners have changed since Jack Hinton of the Guards landed at Kingston was scrambled for by a rabble of facetious competitors and came a terrible cropper in a hole which the carman had rushed at a gallop. But still to the uninitiated the car is a perilous vehicle. You cut corners as closely as in a Venetian gondola, and if you relax your grip on the handrail for a moment, it is at the risk of bad bruises or broken bones. Nor is it altogether adapted to a watery climate, and the man must be a maniac who tries to hold up an umbrella against gales from the stormy Atlantic which might shake a Samson on his legs. But there it is—an institution—and you can but make the best of it. For one thing, it puts you on an easy footing with the driver and you generally find him talkative. In Dublin City he may have seduced you by underbidding his rivals, or abating his own terms. Always ready for a bargain in regular Oriental fashion, he may begin by offering to rowl yer Honour through the Phoenix for half a crown, coming down to a shilling, or possibly ninepence. In town or country, with rare exceptions, he is overcharged with the local facts or fictions and any amount of scandalous gossip. Till you know him, you are inclined to set him down as a shameless liar, but on further acquaintance I have come to believe that he accepts much of his wilder romance for gospel. Continual rehearsals have brought conviction and made him perfect in his parts. But the rollicking carman of Lever's novels is an anachronism or a vanished type, and the ready humour is gone, with the abject poverty, the rags and the drunkenness. I have driven round Ireland on cars, public and private,

from Derry to Cork, from Cork to Wexford, barring an occasional lift on the rail. I never met a carman who attempted a joke, with the solitary exception of the driver of a public conveyance who scattered parcels and newspapers along the road in primitive and promiscuous fashion. He pulled up at the pillars of a lodgeless gate to a gravelled avenue leading for about a mile through dismal bog to a rather handsome cottage ornée. There he dropped a leg of mutton and a sirloin, whistling shrilly and flourishing his whip, while it seemed likely that we were to be delayed indefinitely. "Put them on the pillar and lave them: nobody will stale them here", suggested a passenger. But our driver took more cynical views of human nature. "They won't stale them if they don't get the chance, where the gossoons go stalkin' about like so many hooded crows." It is not much of a reminiscence but it is suggestive of the country of the car. That driver refreshed himself freely en route. As a rule nine out of ten of the fellows who drove me were strict abstainers, who swore by Father Mathew, and it is inconceivable that in the Western drip a man can keep up his spirits if he sticks severely to cold water. Really being in such abstemious company made me shy at taking a pull at my own flask. Yet there are circumstances in which you would be all the better for a stimulant—even new potheen from one of the mountain stills. I never had a more delightful or more disagreeable drive than from Sligo to Ballina. That was in a four-wheeled car, horsed by a unicorn team. There was capital company—cheery priests and a jovial squireen, a farmer or two and a blue-eyed maiden. I never saw anything to equal the glories of the cloud effects: over the sea, the lustrous white brilliancy was so intense, contrasted as it was with the sombre cloud banks, rolling up like the succession of Atlantic surges in deepest tints of indigo and violet. Between the seats was a closed "well", which sheltered a bundle of salmon-rods. The rain-storm swept over us in shrieking gusts: the tarpaulin covering was no sort of protection: long before we reached Ballina there were inches of water gathered in the hold, and in spite of the ulster of thick Irish frieze, for all the world one might as well have been chilling oneself in a filthy bath. It was thirty miles as the crow flies to the precipices of Slieve Liagh on the Bay of Donegal, yet had you been sheltering at the foot of the cliffs you could scarcely have seen them more clearly.

Driving in Brittany in some respects reminded one of Ireland, but of an Ireland of the earlier centuries. There were the same shaggy heaths and barren hills, but the characteristic features came when you plunged into the depths of forests. The Breton woodlanders were still clad in sheepskins; though they took their pleasures somewhat lugubriously, there was a subvein of joviality, and the Breton Pardons had much in common with the rollicking holy fairs and pilgrimages of the Green Isle. The Breton patache or cabriolet which you hired for a day's excursion was the most rickety of vehicles which still ran on wheels. There was always a fair chance of breaking down, many a league from the nearest forge. The cracked window panes would neither draw up nor go down; the leathern cushions were tattered and mildewed; the rotten harness was spliced with rope and always subjected to a tremendous strain. One case of a collapse I remember, when we were benighted in the broad woods between the château of Hunaudaye and Dinan. Yet the plucky little mare had done her best, and the savage-looking driver had never struck her, though he vociferated freely, invoked the saints, and commended Jeannette to the care of all the demons. When we abandoned the carriage for the night, in search of the nearest shelter, Jeannette followed docilely at our heels, rubbing her nose confidently against François' shoulder. Those little Breton horses were good beasts and tough as bend-leather: like the Shetlanders and Orkney dwarfs they had been stunted and toughened by exposure, and they had thriven on rough commons. But my chief fancies on the Continent were for the ponies of the Ardennes and the Pyrenees. Both are said to spring from a Spanish stock, with a strong infusion of Arab or Moorish blood. Both are full of fire, though well used to semi-starvation. At both Spa and Pau the pony carriage with a pair was the fashion. It was handy for excursions,

and eminently congenial to flirtations. At Pau, where the picnic was in great favour, the severest of chaperons made no difficulty about trusting unprotected charges to your coachmanship. It was a Continental adaptation of the Canadian muffinship. And when you went forth on a fishing trip with a couple of friends, you hired the little carriage for a few francs a day, and were not hampered with an attendant. The ponies made themselves happy in a draughty stable: slept on a couch of the prickly furze they nibbled, and luxuriated in rations of chopped straw. But they had ways of their own, which they did not care to diverge from. I recollect an ambitious friend, not much of a charioteer, commanding a team of four to take his lady love out for an airing. With a full half-dozen of grooms and helpers, the team was coaxed round into the courtyard of the Hôtel de France. I knew them well: they were all amiable beasts. He gathered up the reins, caught his whiplash in a collar, and forthwith the leaders were crawling up the wall, while the wheelers were looking round as if to ask what the matter was. All got inextricably entangled and nothing could persuade them to move on. When the leaders were ignominiously sent back to the stable, the wheelers shook their heads complacently to trot off with the usual blend of sedateness and spirit, while the discomfited coachman carried off the situation with philosophic calm. Of more solid build and somewhat better fed were the black ponies of the Ardennes. There was an old fellow at the "Britannique" to whom I took a special fancy; he was equally good in the saddle or between the shafts. We struck up a close friendship and many a time he took me out with gun or fishing-rod. You could always turn him loose to graze, and he never wandered far. I was deterred from buying him, partly from his age, but chiefly because the landlord liked him as much as I did and put on a prohibitory price.

By the way, talking of fishing trips, I recall a roving expedition from Pesth with a Hungarian Magnate who was a great horse-breeder and had been a member of our four-in-hand club. He coached a team of half-broken young ones, pretty nearly thoroughbred, who had had scarcely more training for harness than Mr. Sawyer's Marathon, who had been twice walked round the field at Market Harborough in a set of light harness. The longest stage took little out of them, and it was hard to pull them up at the barriers of Pesth where there were heavy octroi duties levied on tobacco. "Anything to declare, Herr Graf?" queried the Customs officer, while the horses were dancing on their hind legs to his infinite terror. "Hundert pfund tabac", was the prompt reply, when the official laughed and signed to go on. And there was more than a hundred pounds of cigars and Latakia at that moment under the Count's legs in the boot.

ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

LIFE THE INTERLUDE.

IT is a portentous book this,* which holds between its blare of red and gold the official history of the Delhi Coronation Durbar. Its value in pure paper must be enormous, its weight must equal if not exceed that of that largest known specimen of pure literature—a volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica. And I feel convinced that it contains quite as much praiseworthy research and useful information. One could, for sure, answer many obscure Indian problems from its pages and so it is worthy of all reverence at my idle ignorant hands. But, as I flutter its interminable leaves, rejoicing in the momentary interruption to faultless paper and printing which is afforded by equally faultless photogravure, I come upon a page and a princeling facing one another which bring me to a full stop, making me forget even the preceding chapter; that amazing chapter entitled "In the Palace of the Great Moghul", which after describing with lavish superlatives the State ball given therein ends with the remarkable admission that "it was not, of course, quite so solemn or imposing as the Durbar itself"! Truly it is to be hoped so! Else were many millions

* "History of the Delhi Coronation Durbar." By Stephen Wheeler. London: Murray. 1904. 42s. net.

of money spent to no good purpose since—take it how you please—the spectacle of the “chivalry of the East and West commingled” in a barn dance, or even in the chaste mysteries of the Lancers, is not worth much to the real India—that land of strange contradictions and conventions where courtesans are queens and kings ascetics. The princeling who thus arrests me is His Highness the Rajah of Nabha. The page opens a new chapter with these three words, “Spectacles, interludes, assemblies”—words which taken broadly represent the whole Durbar; words which might have opened (and closed) the whole book of three hundred and forty-seven pages, five maps, and fifty full-page photogravures which describes it.

And over against them surveying them through a fine film of tissue paper with grave calm and dignity is the very spirit of the East embodied in the fine old Sikh chieftain—perhaps the finest of his type that the years have left to us.

One glance at his splendid old face strips us to the naked soul of half the Western shibboleths which we seek to foist on India; for here is a man who has been strong enough to say “As my father was I am, as I am my son shall be”.

Long years ago when the education of heirs-apparent occupied the attention of the Government Nabha shook his head in private if not in public. His heir had to carry on tradition, to fulfil in his turn those three duties of the true Sikh ruler of which his father boasted in words which surely must have sounded like a trumpet call to arms through the phrased flattery of congratulation that followed on the Emperor's message to his durbaris “Now I can die in peace having fulfilled the three duties. I have lived according to the precepts of my faith, I have drawn my sword for the State, I have made obeisance to my King”. A fine credo! So fine that it deserves to be held sacred from the intrusion even of another faith.

But then so many things in the Spectacles, the Interludes, the Assemblies of India deserve a like consideration. Will they receive it at our hands? Is it indeed possible that they shall so receive it? Take for instance the finest spectacle, the most marvellous assembly I have ever seen or am likely to see—the bathing ghâts at Benares during a total eclipse of the sun when millions on millions of sin-repentant men seek salvation from the cleansing waters of the Ganges. It is simply a stupendous spectacle, and has an almost inconceivable effect on mind and memory. The very thought of it obliterates all else. The multitudes on multitudes of mercy seekers, half seen in the shadow; Benares itself veiled by the growing darkness to a dim dignity more impressive by far than the clear-cut sovereignty of spires and pinnacles royally robed by spangled sunshine in which it is clothed from dawn to dusk; and then, when the light has gone, when to the ignorance of those multitudes the hour of utter annihilation may strike for the whole world, that swelling moan for mercy to Mai Gunga. Mercy so that, if need be, they may pass from the interlude of this life in peace with it and with the Great Unknown which lies beyond.

What is it, that mysterious beyond? A dispersion into nothingness? A gathering together into all things? Who can tell? Not these ignorant multitudes.

Only this is certain to them; between the spectacle and the assembly life lies as an interlude, and from the certainty of this rises the whole subtle aroma of the Eastern outlook upon life. Life is an interlude counting for little amid the spectacles and assemblies which come before and after it.

It is easy to see why this ever-present knowledge differentiates the East from the West with its orthodox denial of all past, all future save an apotheosis. Life is an interlude. The veriest coolie who brought his few spadeful of earth to the pile of dust which supported the dais of our rule knew that. And, alas that it should be so!—knew also that the interlude was not a pleasant one, and that the effort of the truly wise is to become part of the great assemblage of all things in which individuality is lost utterly. That belief belongs to Benares also. Down on the Burning-ghât you may see it writ clearly on the calm impassive faces that watch one more column of smoke rising to join the

dense canopy which hangs like a dome above the licking tongues of flame obscuring the sun. Life is illusion! let us haste to get rid of the burden of it and send what is left of it floating down the sacred river with the prayer that the very atoms may find death indeed. For, even in India, there are but few philosophers who, going deeper than the husk of things, see that the very burden itself is illusion born of ignorance; who recognise that the wished for Nirvana is within us and about us to be reached any moment by the surrender of self, by refusal to accept the limitations which we call individuality. To such life is no interlude. It is the one eternal inevitable reality. It is no burden since none can take it up or lay it down.

A little wind from heaven has turned a page of the great red book. Yet there are many—so many left. Nevertheless I will read no more in them to-day. I will think of the old Sikh—the spirit of the East—looking through a fine film of unfamiliarity at the spectacles and interludes and assemblies of the West at Delhi and beyond them to the great interlude of life—and I will try to forget the State ball in the Palace of the Moghuls.

But it is an excellent book; quite as excellent I feel sure as its prototype in form the E—a B—a.

Besides! there is the red and gold official livery. Salaam alaikoum! Râm! Râm!

F. A. STEEL.

A PLAY FOR THE POPULACE.

THERE can be no shadow of a doubt that Mr. Zangwill has, in the language of the vulgar, done it this time. The time of “Children of the Ghetto” was some years ago, and my memory of it is dimmed; but I remember enough to know that it was a time when Mr. Zangwill, emphatically, did *not* do it. The play was a failure, for Mr. Zangwill had not enough theatrical instinct—or perhaps it was only experience that was lacking—to vivify on the stage a large and serious conception, such as he had vivified in books. Even had he vivified this conception, for you and me, the play might have failed commercially; for the public, as you know, has an obstinate predilection for futile things. Mr. Zangwill, older and wiser now, has gone, in the writing of “Merely Mary Ann”, nap on that predilection. Not that he is yet so old or so wise as to hush up the cynicism of his procedure. Two of the persons in his plays, musicians, are discussing the public's taste in music. “You know”, says one, “what the public wants?” “Yes”, says the other, “it wants treacle”. “Ah”, says the one, “but it wants a special kind of treacle”. “I know”, says the other: “Golden Syrup”. I was afraid that this sardonic touch was going to ruin the play. Audiences, dog-like, cannot bear to be laughed at; and a playwright who puts his tongue in his cheek may as well put his play in his waste-paper basket. Besides, usually a man who does work beneath his dignity cannot do it really well. His jokes may be bad, and his sentiment false; but somehow they lack just the particular requisite quality of badness and falseness. “Merely Mary Ann” is a blest exception. The audience did not notice Mr. Zangwill's jibe at it and at himself, for, strange to relate, the play rang quite true—the hollow-ness seemed really hollow.

The theme of the play is rather a good one. The central figure is akin to the poet in “Candida”—a young man of good family, driven out of his home because he insists on following his natural bent and devoting himself to musical composition. He takes a room in a Bloomsbury lodging-house; and here he lives tormented, in the liberty he has gained for his genius, by the sordidness and solitude of his material existence. The servant who waits on him and the other lodgers is a pretty girl from Somersetshire; and for her, as supplying the one touch of poetry here, he conceives a romantic regard, which she more than reciprocates. An offer from a music-publisher enables him to pay the landlady her bill and to take a cottage somewhere in the country. The girl is heartbroken at his departure. Why, he reflects, should he not take her with him? Of course he has too much worldly wisdom to marry her; but, even on grounds of humanity,

would it not be better for her to live with him than to be left in loneliness and drudgery here? A very good play of a serious kind might be based on the subsequent history of these two persons. Disparity of class, in its effect on genuine affection, is always an interesting subject. So, too, is the conflict between artistic genius and genuine affection. I can imagine that Mr. Zangwill would, in the epoch aforesaid, have treated his theme grimly. Of course, the musician would have belonged to that race to which musicians mostly do belong, and would have been an earnest believer in all the tenets of its faith. The barrier to matrimony would have been the barrier of faith, not of class. But, essentially, this would have made no difference; and the resultant play would have been, at least, an interesting failure. On his present tack, Mr. Zangwill knew full well that his musician must be an aristocratic gentile, and that his play must be a sort of fairy-story. A really good fairy-story, on this as on any other theme, I should welcome. Mr. Barrie would have achieved it. He would have touched his theme with a whimsical magic, transporting it straight away from the plane of reality to the plane of fantasy. Mr. Zangwill has not this magic. He can only, as it were, doctor reality. His characters are everyday people behaving as no person would on any day behave—a compromise which is, I grant you, all that the public needs. They are not figments; they are merely askew. And the mischief is that they are not at all, for me, charmingly askew. Disparity of class between lovers is a very ticklish subject, especially in comedy. It requires the keenest tact and delicacy in handling. It is one of the subjects which can hardly be made to yield the same effect in art as in life. In life there is nothing repulsive in the fact of a gentleman falling in love with a servant-girl. But transfer this fact to the comic stage, and the effect of it on a sensitive person will (barring that almost superhuman tact and delicacy) be as unpleasant as were in real life the fact of a lady being in love with her footman. Mr. Zangwill has failed, from my standpoint, to do what almost everybody else would have failed to do. But he has, also from that standpoint, failed deeper than quite a good few other people would have failed. His star rose in or about the year 1890. At that period every new star gravitated surely to one or other of two constellations. Every new writer became straightway either one of Mr. Henley's young men or one of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's young men. Mr. Zangwill became one of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's young men. Mercifully, the allegiance lasted not long, for Mr. Zangwill had in him fine stuff which could only be developed outside the Jeromian sphere of influence. But it seems that even in that short period was absorbed an ineradicable virus. Mr. Zangwill in his prime, deviating from serious literature to frivolous dramaturgy, recalls to us, awfully, the manner of his early master. Jeromian through and through is the atmosphere he infuses into the Bloomsbury lodging-house. The lodgers are heterogeneous; yet at every window we seem to see one face—Mr. Jerome's. On every stair we hear one footfall—his. On every peg in the hall his hat is hanging. The haughty aristocrat speaks sharply to the servant-girl, and his friend tells him that there was moisture in her eyes as she turned to go. "So much the better", says the haughty aristocrat, "it will make her face cleaner perhaps". That is perhaps a rather extreme instance; but it is only by extreme instances that a general impression can be briefly conveyed; and I had to justify the deep impression of Jeromism which the play gradually wrought on me. Physical humour, too, in which Mr. Jerome dealt always lavishly, is lavishly dealt in here. One character, in a fit of abstraction, squirts the carpet with a syphon. Another, also in a fit of abstraction, holds the teapot in such a way as to pour out all the tea on the carpet. (It does one's heart good, or ill, to see the audience convulsed by these simple exercises.) And, all the while, Mr. Zangwill is methodically spilling jar after jar of the Golden Syrup aforesaid, and smiling bitterly while the public sprawls and laps it up—sprawls and laps till at length (when) the servant-girl has inherited half a million pounds sterling, and has, after an interval of separation, thrown herself into the arms of the erst

haughty aristocrat) the public is sated and sent home, smiling a sticky smile of gratitude. The play will run for a very long while—clashing, I hope, with other plays in which Mr. Zangwill will try to give to the stage something of his own remarkable and admirable self.

I have pictured him "smiling bitterly" for the present. I do hope the picture is a true one. But I have my hateful doubts. I am sure that he smiled bitterly when he wrote the play, and, later, when Mr. Frohman jumped at it for the Duke of York's. But human nature is a subtly involved affair. It is quite possible that, in the course of rehearsing the play for production, Mr. Zangwill gradually lost his sense of aloofness from his work. After all, the play was his. His name would be on the programme. He would be held responsible. And it is nice to have an artistic success. And it is not nice to have an artistic failure. Was there in the play anything really good? Mr. Zangwill (if I am right in my diagnosis of the mood of a dramatist on the eve of a production) eagerly asked himself this question. He tried hard to find a reason for answering himself in the affirmative. For, though a man is ready enough to scoff at his own work, as studied by him in private, with no necessity to show it to anyone, he resents that people should scoff at it when he gives it to the world, and is anxious to convince himself that the scoffers—if scoffers there be—will be in the wrong. So he becomes tenderly indulgent to himself. If his work please the many, the many are right; if not, not. If his work displease the few, the few are wrong. "Merely Mary Ann" is giving intense pleasure to the many. I hope I err in my suspicion that Mr. Zangwill sides with them against me. I hope he is grasping me by the hand, stammering heartfelt gratitude and promises of amendment.

His present work is dignified, or shamed, by the performance of Miss Eleanor Robson, an American actress. America seems quite prolific of actresses who can play quietly and naturally. Miss Robson, in virtue of this restraint, and of a very gracious "aura", nearly makes the play (so far as she is concerned in it) seem real to us and delightful. She communicates, throughout, a sense of pathos. Whether she has strong emotional power I do not know. In the one or two scenes where she made a direct appeal for tears, something seemed to me not quite there. Mr. Ainlie glosses over the hero with mediæval grace. Mr. Gerald Du Maurier plays another character with his usual composure and sense of humour.

I must postpone to next week what I have to say about "The Prayer of the Sword".

MAX BEERBOHM.

THE MUSICAL GOOSE.

MR. MARC A. BLUMENBERG, editor of the "Musical Courier" of New York, recently treated his readers to an article on the earnings of musical artists in Europe and in America. His main object apparently was to demonstrate that America is extensively exploited by European artists, and some of the figures he quotes are a little startling. Melba, he says, gets at Covent Garden £120 per night, and in New York she asks £300—this is Mr. Blumenberg's way of phrasing it and I cannot tell whether Melba gets what she asks. Calvé gets £120 at Covent Garden and £360 at New York; Lehmann gets £50 in Germany and £120 in America. Now I should like to know what proportions of these sums are really paid. The vanity of opera singers is colossal and on no point are they more touchy than about their salaries. Astute managers found out long ago that at heart they care less for the actual money than for the reputation of gaining huge sums; and the double agreement was invented. One form is the genuine document and the real amount to be paid is mentioned; the other is a bogus thing which the proud possessor can flourish before his friends and show to newspaper interviewers, and on it the sum is nobly magnified. How much do Melba, Calvé and Lehmann really get in hard cash when they honour America with their visits? I don't know, but while I am fairly sure

they do not get the amounts reported in the newspaper, without doubt it is something considerable—else they would not be so eager to go back again. Mr. Blumenberg refers to a violinist who as the fruits of a brief tour carried off forty-five thousand francs, and a pianist who played at Nuremberg for £12 10s. and then asked £2,000 for a series of forty recitals in America.

Whether the Americans consider they have a grievance in having to pay so much more than Europeans to hear the same artists I do not know. If so, they have two remedies: they can do without hearing the artists, or they can come to Europe. There is no third remedy. When an artist gets a reputation, deserved or undeserved, he or she invariably takes advantage of it to make as much money as possible. They need it or think they need it. In financial matters they are usually infants and get rid of their money faster than they make it, so that a good half of the artists of Europe are always harassed by creditors, while cases are common enough of men and women who have earned fortunes and then achieved the feat of dying in miserable poverty. Opera singers are the worst of all in this respect. But even when they are not extravagant there is that vanity of theirs to be reckoned with: the amount of money they can gain is the measure of their popularity, and those who are familiar with interpretative musicians must often have been struck by the fact that at least nine-tenths of them would rather be popular than really great. Again, those who are not extravagant think of the future, of the possibility of public taste changing, of the certainty of old age. All things combine to make them demand the highest price obtainable for their services; and there are reasons why they should ask more in America than in England and more in England than on the Continent. On the Continent there are a great many very good artists, there are constant concerts and opera performances, and there are traditions as to artists' fees. If any artist of whatever rank and however swollen with vanity were to ask in Germany what he gets in America or England, he would ask in vain. Even if he were the best man obtainable for, say, an operatic part, he would be left. Directors would have nothing to say to him and the public would put up with the next best. He is not allowed to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Opera places are low-priced, deficits are made up out of public funds, and against the immense force of general opinion the vainest or greediest singer is powerless. The singer knows it, and hence, as Mr. Blumenberg points out, we find those who want exorbitant prices in the United States content with modest earnings at home. What is true of singers is true also of pianists and fiddlers. The German public is not accustomed to pay huge sums to hear ever so great favourites; the favourites know it and take what they can get and go to bed to dream of America.

Consider the case of England. With the exception of a few extremely popular artists, concert-givers do not make money in England. There the goose has decidedly been killed. A few pianists and violinists having "caught on" the country was inundated with hundreds of these long-haired gentry, so that further "catches on" became almost impossible. Millions of tickets have been given away during the last few years in the hope of attracting audiences, and the result is that the public will no longer pay. Why should you pay when agents and artists come with tears in their eyes and refuse to budge from your doorstep until you accept a couple of places? The case of opera is different. Amongst the sets that compose a Covent Garden audience there are a few names to conjure with, and the possessors of these can get fairly large sums, though not, I am sure, so much as is commonly supposed. Prices are high. The public has not been trained from birth, like the Germans, to think four or five shillings enough to pay for a good seat, and the Covent Garden audience is a rich one. But the fees for singing publicly form only a part of a star's earnings. When not at the opera he sings at society functions and gets very large sums indeed. I know of a tenor who never had more than a thousand francs a month in France; he turned up at Covent Garden, made a bit of a success, and immediately got £70 for singing a couple of songs after a dinner. Many a hungry tenor would have done the

thing as well for the sake of the dinner without asking any fee.

America, however, remains the happy hunting-ground. With its many large cities full of rich folk, the concert business has not perished as it has in England; there are no traditions about prices of admittance or the fees to be charged by artists. Whenever a European artist wants to add a few thousands to his banking account, without doing much work for it, he writes to an agent and books a passage in an ocean greyhound, and hey presto! the thing is done. Mr. Blumenberg seems to regret the absence of a duty on foreign artists, but I cannot see how a duty would alter matters. The agent or impresario would pay it and get it back by raising the price of tickets; and considering how much the Americans pay at present one may be sure that they would not boggle at an extra dollar or so. They want to hear these people, and hear them they will; and they have the money to pay. Mr. Blumenberg talks of a regular organisation for controlling the whole business; but he is vague on the point; and no organisation could effect any reduction of fees unless it had an absolute monopoly. And an absolute monopoly would simply get its artists as cheap as possible and charge the same as the public pays now. An organisation of this sort has little that is lovely to recommend it. Business organisations have always robbed artists—composers, singers and players—and if in a comparatively few instances artists can get hold of a little extra money without the business men being able to grab at it with their dirty fingers, business men cannot understand that money earned by the practice of an art is money earned in a legitimate way; they appear to think the artist has stolen it. Operations in shares and trusts and swindlings generally of the public are of course legitimate methods of getting rich.

One could not object to the wealthy in England paying dear for their music were it not that the fantastic fee system will prove a hindrance to our getting permanent operas and orchestras all over the country. We don't want a few stars making tours and reaping a huge proportion of the money that the nation can spend on music, so that little is left for steadygoing concerts and opera. Against the well-financed star such enterprises as might be firmly established have no chance. He is boomed, advertised, the newspapers are full of the dazzling sums he is paid by the man who runs him, and the public, knowing nothing of the real state of affairs, rushes off—more especially in the provinces—persuaded that the star is one that must be seen ere we die, and away in a single evening goes money enough to keep an orchestra alive for a year. For this reason I should like to see an end put to the whole system; and there is only one way of doing it. The Press instead of playing flunkey to the Kubeliks and what not—one of whom turns up every few years—by declaring them to be great artists when they are not and publishing accounts of brilliant offers to go here, there and everywhere—instead of keeping up this as it has done far too assiduously in the past, it should publish the truth about these men's earnings if not about their art. Let the artists be judged by their fruits; do not help to set pictures of them before the public with halos of golden sovereigns—stage sovereigns which look real—about their heads. If I were a less lazy man I should rook out and publish all these figures speedily, and I suggest that some younger and less occupied man should devote a few weeks to the job. The work is of great importance for the future of a permanent opera in London. Singers are at best a restless lot, and, as I have said, they estimate their popularity by the money they can earn. With their uneasy vanity neither Mr. Manners nor any other director would be able to keep them content with moderate salaries. Yet with these they must be content if we are to have a good all-round opera at low prices. Dreams of millions in the bank, tons of jewelry and castles in Wales will have to be contended against seriously; and anyone who excites the imagination of giddy young things by tales of Patti, Melba and Calvé will have to be regarded as an enemy of art.

By the way, in the "Musical Courier" I read

that Mr. Henry W. Savage offers "Parsifal". This, I take it, is American, not English; for it does not appear that Mr. Henry W. Savage will offer "Parsifal" anything. He also "offers" "Peggy from Paris"—"100 times in N.Y." JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SPOILING OF ENGLISH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

25 Winterwell Road, Brixton Hill, S.W.
14 September, 1904.

SIR,—Your readers cannot help being grateful to you for so frequently devoting some of your valuable space to points of English grammar and style. It is a pity that the articles and letters which you publish on this subject are not copied by a score or two, or more, of the London and provincial daily papers. Then we might look for a rapid diminution in the number of writers and speakers—and at present it is a large one—who habitually assist in "the spoiling of English".

I have pasted into a book some hundreds of instances of "Errors in English" of various kinds, cut from periodicals high-class and otherwise. These include many similar to those recently given in your REVIEW. There are three flagrant errors—of which I have many examples—which I do not think have yet been referred to by you. They are—(1) The redundant and inelegant use of "but" in such a sentence as "I have no doubt but that he will manage it". That the "but" is superfluous is easily shown by a simple transposition, thus: "That he will manage it, I have no doubt". (2) The use of the conjunction "and" instead of the preposition "to", in a sentence like: "I will try and do all you desire". That "and" should be substituted by "to" in such sentences need not be laboured. (3) The use of the objective "whom" instead of the nominative "who". Thus: "One of our most gifted statesmen, whom it is supposed is —"; and "— gave evidence against William Ballard, whom they declared had obtained money from," &c. In these cases—both recently taken from periodicals of high standing—the verbs "is" and "had obtained" are, respectively, left without a subject.

Yours obediently,
JOHN LANYON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 Cumberland Street, Manchester,
20 September, 1904.

SIR,—May I venture to indicate what seems to me the spoiling of literature by the want of care in punctuation and the frequent use of "is" instead of "be"? I have taken the trouble to attentively peruse, for the purpose of these remarks, the three first columns of your last issue, and would like to point out the following examples of what may be found in many others:

Col. 1, line 3, omit semicolon; insert comma after "and".

- 34, omit comma after "Harbin".
- 41, insert comma after "Plevna".
- 42, "be" instead of "is".

Col. 2, line 1, omit "will be".

- 23, comma after "season".
- 34, omit comma after "argument".
- 49, "think" instead of "thinks".

Col. 3, line 4, "be" instead of "is".

- 12, comma after "coal".
- 34, omit "it is" after "unless," and avoid tautology.
- 56, omit comma after "great": comma before "though".
- 57, "decide" instead of "decides"; comma after "treaty".

Further, in quoting from a contemporary the quota-

tion ought surely to be given exactly as printed: thus, Mr. Raven-Hill's cartoon in "Punch" has the lines

"Quoth Dunraven, 'Devolution!'
Only that, and nothing more",

which differs from your text.

For twenty years I have been a subscriber to the SATURDAY REVIEW and send it to Mexico with "Punch", which I regard as an authority on literature, so please do not take umbrage at my remarks. The following I thought so good that a copy was made in my note book:—"If the old thing were beautiful, and the new be hideous, there is perfection.—ED. S. R." p. 173. Here are demonstrated the uses of "were" and "be", in contradistinction to "was" and "is" as exemplified above.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,
A. C. FLETCHER.

[We do not pretend to be omniscient and infallible in these matters—only the very ignorant man has a complete knowledge of the English tongue. But the points which Mr. Fletcher raises in our issue of 17 September are immaterial. We hope Mr. Fletcher in seeking for motives in another's eye will never have the humiliation to find a beam in his own.—ED. S. R.]

FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

11 Campden Hill Court, W., 18 September, 1904.

SIR,—May I be permitted to reply (in part) to your correspondent F. C. Constable, in your current issue, and at the same time to ask him a question? I cannot, unfortunately, pretend to supply him with correct definitions of the terms "free trade" and "protection". The words are merely names used to denote, more or less appropriately, certain definite ideas, and are not in themselves either definitions, or even descriptive appellations. To those ignorant of the Irish question or the temperance question the actual expressions "home Rule" and "local option" respectively can of themselves convey little or no meaning; similarly the actual words "free trade" and "protection" can convey little to those ignorant of what (for want of a better name) is called "political economy". And, after all, is a definition so necessary? Would an epigrammatic definition of, say, "the Westminster confession" assist us in understanding the doctrine of election and reprobation, or of predestination and free will?

Mr. Constable's question, as stated by himself, seems to involve a *petitio principii*, for he says "Certain foreign countries make Englishmen who export certain things to them pay certain taxes"—which can only mean that, in his opinion, it is the producer (exporter) in England, and not the consumer (importer) in such other country, who pays the import duty levied by that country on goods coming from England. A priori this contention seems reasonable, but in practice we are encountered by a formidable difficulty, which is best indicated by taking a concrete example. If I am correctly informed, our largest exports (in value) to the United States consist of textiles, woollen, linen and cotton. Now to say that it is the exporter who pays the import duty (or tax) in the United States can only mean that the English textile manufacturer who exports to that country sells his goods duty paid in the United States at the same price as he obtains in the home market, and my question is "How does he do it?" To put it plainly "From where does the English manufacturer get the money to pay the United States import duty on textiles, since, *ex hypothesi*, he cannot get it from his customer the importer (or consumer)?" If Mr. Constable can clear up this difficulty for me I shall be sincerely grateful, and ready to do my best to explain to him the meaning of the expression "discriminative duties" which he has apparently entirely misapprehended.

Your obedient servant,
JAMES MARTIN.

BY ARUN.

DO you remember how we wandered, you and I,
Making the silence of the woods our own,
Nor cared though summer tarried or heard the high
winds moan

Far from the beeches' sunlight and our joy?
Do you remember—nay can anything destroy
For you or me that blissful memory?
Would we might sit together as in those golden days,
Sole in the valley musing noon's long dream
We sat in talk together by Arun's pensive stream,
Or silent watched across the embers pale
The flushed moon swim above the sleeping vale,
Till dawn sighed gently through the clinging haze.
It may not be—yet on this long toil's distant way
The same peace journeying makes it good to know
That this fair eve sees there the same white mist-
wreaths grow

From down to down until another day
Smiles on the pleasant land where once you dwelled
with me

By Arun gliding silent to the sea.

H. CHARLEWOOD.

REVIEWS.

THE DOUBLE-HEADED EAGLE AND THE DRAGON.

"Manchu and Muscovite." By B. L. Putnam Weale.
London: Macmillan. 1904. 10s. net.

AT this moment the eyes of the world are turned towards the life and death struggle taking place in Manchuria. A country with an area larger than that of France and Great Britain with Ireland put together, capable of supporting a hundred million people, is the scene of a fight which bids fair to shape the destiny of two empires, if not of a hemisphere. And yet the prehistoric country where this dramatic tragedy is being enacted is as little known to the general public as are the wilds of Central Africa or the confines of the Arctic regions. That there is an urgent need for a serious book on Manchuria written by an acknowledged authority and brought down to the latest crises in the events of the Far East no one will attempt to deny. Ancient tradition and native chroniclers tell us that in the seventh century Manchuria had already attained to a golden age. Her rich and populous plains were then in a state of fertile tillage and advanced civilisation. She possessed her scholars and scientists; her literature and learning were in a forward state of cultivation. But, when arrived seemingly at the zenith of her intellectual progress and national prestige, Manchuria was suddenly plunged into a protracted period of bloodshed and rapine. China, after centuries of discord and division, was once more rallying into unity and was being welded into one compact, huge country. History fails to tell us whether in this process of integration she actually extended her attempts at domination to Manchuria. But in any case, the latter was evidently drawn into the vortex of upheaval of her cumbersome neighbour. All her able-bodied fighting men—the bulk of her people—were drafted into the struggle. Thus by the beginning of the fifteenth century she appears to have crumbled away completely from her former elevated position, and for the next two hundred years comparatively little is heard of either Manchuria or the Manchus.

The Hunghutzus, of whom we read so much in the present campaign, were even then famous for their plunder and marauding exploits in Manchuria. This appellation as a nickname they had obtained from the vernacular *hung*=red and *hutu*=beard. It does not follow though that these people are in reality red-bearded. As a matter of fact beards are not common

in China. But masks, false beards, moustaches, and colour stains of all sorts have always figured largely in the theatrical as well as in the everyday make-up of Mongols. It is presumed therefore that originally this brigand tribe borrowed from their earlier dynasty the familiar form of disguise of a red beard, in order to strike terror into the hearts of their victims. The existence of these marauders in the present seat of war and their ubiquitous mode of life may account for the alleged cases of torturing disfigurement and atrocious maiming of the wounded attributed to both belligerent parties alike. Both the Russians and the Japanese are too humane and compassionate to be guilty of these atrocities. At the opening of the seventeenth century, we are told, one Nurhachu, a petty chief of the Manchus and reputed, like so many Oriental heroes, to be of miraculous descent, had his grandsire and sire slain by a treacherous compatriot, in league with the Chinese. Nurhachu swore a lifelong vengeance against the latter State. The reputation of his divine birth soon brought him a mighty host of followers, and his genius both for diplomacy and war was so all-powerful that some time before he died the Manchu leaders became the recognised equals of the Mings, or ruling Chinese dynasty. From a position of equality they speedily passed to one of supremacy. Nurhachu himself however died, leaving his task unfinished and Peking still in possession of the Mings. But in 1644, a grandson of his, the great Shun Chih, was at last proclaimed head of the Ta Ch'ing or Great Pure dynasty, and ascended the Dragon Throne of China. Then ensued a remarkable lesson in social and political evolution. The nominally conquered Chinese became virtually and morally victors. In a very few years they had to all intents and purposes absorbed their conquerors and assimilated the whole Manchu race. To this day it is difficult to distinguish a Manchu from an ordinary Chinaman. At the same time it is considered a distinctive mark of good breeding to be known as a Manchu and in the north the women try to follow the lead of the upper ten by posing as Manchus. Moreover thousands of Manchu families still live in cities that are practically contemporaneous with the old-time victories of Nurhachu. Manchuria remains to this day one of the most productive countries in the world. As a grain *depôt*, Canada is her only rival. At the present time the famous Harbin flour mills alone can supply 80,000 Russian mouths and feed half a million Chinese. She can boast of vast ranges of pasture land for the rearing of live stock. In her eastern or mountainous districts she possesses practically an inexhaustible supply of splendid timber. And she is rich in gold, coal and other valuable minerals. The climate, in spite of the severity of the winter, is undoubtedly healthy. Once you have breathed the air of this Chinese Canada, you may easily account for the hardy appearance of the Manchurian men and women. Small wonder then that Russia whose envious eyes have for generations been surveying and studying the possibilities of such a country should have thrown in her lot for its absorption, in spite of the paramount risks she knew she had to face. Towards the end of the sixteenth century, the Russian arms first crossed the Urals. By the year 1638, the Siberian cities of Tobolsk, Tomsk, Yeniseisk, Yakutsk, and Okhotsk were founded. It will be remembered that the first line of Muscovy's irresistible attraction towards the Pacific struck a northerly direction, leaving the regions of the Baikal and the Amur far to the south. It was a party of enterprising Kasaks who first heard of the last-mentioned river and the land of promise beyond it. A land of tribes who kept cattle and worked silver and copper, and who had besides plenty of corn for sale—a priceless treasure in the desolate northern clime of Siberia. Reports of this land flowing with wealth and with an enviable seaboard spread apace. Yakutsk was destined to be the starting point for a number of exploring expeditions, and from 1643 onwards Manchuria became a hunting-ground for Kasak adventure and depredation. Thus two centuries and a half ago Manchu and Muscovite met in rivalry upon the very same territory of the present strife, and the seeds of acquisition were quietly sown by Russia. The bear of the north moves slowly and laboriously, but surely; he withdraws not from his intended prey, unless "il recule

pour mieux sauter". Mr. Weale's instructive and well-illustrated volume on "Manchu and Muscovite" was already in the press before the outbreak of the present war. A good deal of what he tells us is not only past and present history of an interesting kind, but is also a forecast of several events which have since intervened or are at this moment being enacted. Of Dalny, for instance, he says that it would take many millions of roubles to make it a strong place, and although contrary to popular opinion, there is no doubt that Dalny would be left to its own fate by the Russians were it attacked in earnest. Dalny, he prophesies, is doomed, for the town is a failure—and Viceroy Alexeyeff has declared that Port Arthur alone shall be heard of in the Kuantung territory in five years' time. "Who knows if even Port Arthur will be heard of then?" It is the merest foolishness for people, Mr. Weale rightly remarks, to put together books about countries when they do not know the language of the people, their history, their mode of thought, and most important of all the "atmosphere" of the country. In China "atmosphere" is of the utmost importance, and unless you understand that thoroughly, as well as the language, you must necessarily be quite at sea. Mr. Weale is not only a recent traveller in Manchuria, but he has known the Far East since his first days. As a contrast with his intimate knowledge of China and the Chinese, he acknowledges that he does not know twelve words of Russian and he has seemingly been little, or possibly not at all, in Russia proper; hence, like most outsiders, he is prepared to criticise Russia and Russia's methods with undue severity. He forms a too hasty estimate of the Russian character, judging merely from what he has seen of the Russian population at present in Manchuria. For the time being, this consists mainly of decentralised, unbridled Siberian troops, and of trading-adventurer-army-contractors. Money, in the vicinity of rapidly growing towns and railways, is as easily made as it is lavishly squandered. It would be as fair to accept the Russian in these regions as a type of the Tsar's European subjects as to take the population of San Francisco of twenty years ago as a sample of genuine American blood, or the present inhabitants of the Sudan as a specimen of the average Englishman. Mr. Weale inveighs against the Russian Government for being, not only hopelessly corrupt, but hopelessly muddling into the bargain. The latter epithet, he should remember, might justly be bestowed upon other Governments besides that of Russia. At the same time he makes the common error of foreigners by attempting to adjudge the Russian Government by the standard of a universal franchise. His charges too are for the most part based upon the Western axiom that no non-representative government is worth a fig. He forgets that in a country where 80 per cent. of the population can neither read nor write a government by popular vote would, in the opinion of experienced legislators, prove to be a dangerous anomaly. He also condemns the meagre influence of the Russian press. The free vox populi newspaper again is a purely Western institution, which in the present conditions of an illiterate country like Russia would assuredly defeat its own object. One crucial point in the present contest is undoubtedly the pitting of the careless, dilatory and distinctly unenterprising temperament of the Slav against the innately stolid, matter-of-fact, money-grabbing instincts of the Chinaman. "China" says Mr. Weale "has been growing firmer, has been learning more and more and is shortly to become so formidable that her voice will be the voice of the master".

ELIZABETHAN CRITICISM.

"Elizabethan Critical Essays." Edited, with an Introduction, by G. Gregory Smith. 2 vols. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1904. 12s. net.

THESE two volumes will be heartily welcomed by all serious students of Elizabethan literature. Mr. Gregory Smith here presents us with every critical treatise and with almost every contribution of any importance or interest in Elizabethan criticism which appeared between 1570 and about 1603, in other words

between the appearance of Ascham's "Scholemaster" with whose chapter on Imitation the extracts open, and Daniel's "Defence of Rhyme" with a reprint of which they conclude. We have thus within the strict chronological limits not of the Elizabethan age in the extended sense of the term but of Elizabeth's reign a practically complete epitome of such typical criticism as appeared in prose. It is obvious that Mr. Gregory Smith has in this principle of arrangement been more anxious to meet the requirements of specialists than to interest general readers. And we are by no means sure that he has been well advised. In dealing with criticism it is well to be critical. The years during which Elizabeth occupied the throne neither defined nor terminated an era in literature, and it is surely a very Procrustean treatment of criticism to recognise nothing except what falls between the accession and the death of the Queen. Mr. Gregory Smith is indeed perfectly justified in excluding Bolton's "Hypercritica", the critical writings of Bacon and the most important critical writings of Ben Jonson because with other contemporary treatises and fragments they do mark a further stage in the development of criticism and would fill with propriety another volume, as we hope they will do. But we should have been glad to have some account of writings which may be said to have initiated critical literature in England after the Renaissance had defined itself, such as Elyot's "Governour", Wilson's two treatises, Leonard Coxe's "Rhetoric" and the like, but for these works Mr. Gregory Smith has only space for the most cursory notice.

It is a commonplace that an age of great creative energy is not an age in which criticism flourishes, and it is a commonplace the truth of which is very strikingly illustrated by what we find in these volumes. Nothing can be more significant than the fact that Elizabethan criticism did not originate from any interest in analytical investigation, from any desire to ascertain and establish principles and canons or from any attempt to apply them to existing works. With current literature regarded simply as literature, it did not concern itself. No critic of those times ever dreamed of "reviewing" the poems or dramas or novels of which the age was so prolific. Controversial in its origin, as Mr. Gregory Smith remarks, it was controversial in its purpose and tone, and the controversies from which it sprang had, curiously enough, very little reference to the subjects with which criticism in the modern sense of the term is chiefly interested. Thus at least half of the extracts and treatises given by Mr. Gregory Smith deal with the question of the adaptability or non-adaptability of classical metres to English poetry, the relative merits and demerits of rhymed and unrhymed verse and the technicalities of prosody. Ascham in words which remind us of Milton's prefatory note to "Paradise Lost" had expressed his objection to rhymed verse: "This misliking of rhyming beginneth not now of any new-fangled singularity but hath long been misliked and that of men of greatest learning and deepest judgement." The introduction of classical metres and more especially of the hexameter followed though Ascham had very sensibly observed that English prosody should confine itself to the Iambic which it "would receive as naturally as either Greek or Latin" and had protested against the introduction of the hexameter on the ground that it "doth rather trotte and hoble than runne smothly in our English tong". Such however was not the opinion of Drant, Gascoigne, Stanyhurst, Harvey, Sidney, Campion and others, including at first Spenser, and a very lively controversy ensued. The apologists of rhyme had the advantage of unity in their camp, but the apologists of classical metres were in schism among themselves, Drant and his partisans contending that English verse should, like that of the ancient classical languages, be quantitative, Harvey and his partisans including Sidney and Spenser contending on the other hand that it should be accentual. The most remarkable contributions to this not very edifying controversy are Gascoigne's "Certayne Notes of Instruction" Campion's "Observations" and Daniel's "Defence of Rhyme". Of the first it may be said that succinct though it be it is by far the best treatise on prosody which appeared in those times. Gascoigne shows his good sense by ignoring the

classical metre craze and demonstrating its absurdity by his sound interpretation of the principles of rhythm and harmony, of the genius of our language and propriety of expression. He saw the importance of reducing to some rule the utter anarchy which prevailed in everything pertaining to prosody the principles of which were then as unfixed as the language itself. Of Campion's little treatise, "Observations on the Art of English Poesy", it may fairly be said that it is one of the best theses ever written in support of the wrong side of a question, and of Daniel's "Defence of Rhyme", which was an answer to it, one of the best ever written in support of the right. "Something too much of this" will probably be the feeling of most readers who have gone through these pieces and yet find before them the correspondence between Harvey and Spenser, the selections illustrating the controversy between Harvey and Nash, Stanyhurst's Dedication and the weary dissertations introduced in the treatises of Puttenham and Webbe.

A far more interesting series of critical works were inspired by another and less technical controversy. The Puritans had little enough in common with Plato but they were quite at one with him in his hostility to secular poetry. In 1579 appeared a work by Stephen Gosson, a noted Puritan, the object of which is sufficiently indicated by the title and title-page—"The Schoole of Abuse. Containing a pleasaunt invective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jestes and such like caterpillers of a Commonwealth, setting up the Flagg of Defiance to their mischievous exercise and overthrowing their Bulwarkes by Prophane Writers, Natural reason and Common Experience." This book was dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney, Gosson apparently supposing that Sidney would be in sympathy with his attack on the "caterpillers" referred to. Gosson's work, which was succeeded by other Puritan philippics of a similar kind, had the effect of creating a literature in which Elizabethan criticism finds its most characteristic and certainly its most attractive and eloquent expression. The chief objections of the Puritans to poetry were on moral grounds. They complained that it inflamed the passions, that being fiction and immoral fiction it emanated from the father of lies, that it was "Italianate" and "pagan", at its worst a pest and an abomination, at its best but a vain and trivial exercise. These were the objections which Lodge, who at once entered the lists against Gosson in his "Defence of Poetry, Music and Stage-plays", set himself to meet; to these objections Sidney's admirable treatise and Harington's "Brief Apology" were also replies. Even Puttenham and Webbe in their more technical and comprehensive treatises did not think it superfluous to go over the same ground with wearisome prolixity. Thus we owe to the Puritan "Mysomoi" the definition and discussion of a deeply interesting critical problem, namely what constitutes the dignity, seriousness and importance of poetry, but the definition and discussion of that problem within very narrow limits. With a work of art regarded as a work of art, with analysis, with comparison with almost all in fine with which criticism in the modern sense of the term is interested the critic had practically no concern. The primary consideration with him was to refute the invectives and answer the objections of the Puritans, to demonstrate that poetry had a divine origin, that in primitive times it was the chief medium of conveying both religious and secular instruction, that it stood and stands in the closest relation to theology, to morals, to politics, that it is distinguished from philosophy simply because it appeals to the senses and the emotions and gives pleasure.

The one great service of the Elizabethan critics, and this applies more particularly to Sidney's "Apology for Poetry", is that they marshalled all that could be said and all that could be gathered from their ancient and modern predecessors in support of contentions of this kind. If they were more successful as rhetoricians than as critics, they certainly demonstrated that the difference between poetry of the highest order and poetry of a secondary order is not so much a difference in degree as a difference in kind. The more elaborate critical treatises which did not immediately spring from controversy, such as Webbe's "Discourse of English

Poesy" and Puttenham's "Art of English Poesie", are of far less interest. Webbe, though a genuine enthusiast, was plainly very ill-equipped for the task he undertook, being a man of no taste and much ignorance. Thus he confounds blank verse with hexameters, and trochees with tribrachs, has apparently no conception of the meaning of "quantity", and is constantly tripping in the rudiments of the subject he discusses. Puttenham's treatise is by far the most elaborate and most methodical which has come down to us from those times, but he has much more learning than insight. He is not so much a critic as a grammarian and rhetorician. He confines himself wholly to style and form and throws very little light on anything else. He has no originality and his work is very greatly indebted to preceding writers both in classical and in modern times. We are surprised by the way that Mr. Gregory Smith in attributing this work to Puttenham does not mention the explicit testimony of Bolton in his "Hypercritica", which surely settled the question.

A word of hearty congratulation is due to Mr. Gregory Smith for the very competent way in which he has performed his difficult task. He has been scrupulously careful about his texts. His general introduction is admirable, particularly when he discusses the indebtedness of the Elizabethan critics to their predecessors in ancient and modern times: and his notes are pertinent and learned, though he has been a little too impatient perhaps with the tedious labour of tracing quotations to their originals.

FERRARA AT ITS HEYDAY.

"Dukes and Poets in Ferrara." By Edmund G. Gardner. London: Constable. 1904. 18s. net.

WE opened Mr. Gardner's admirably printed and attractive volume with the highest expectations; and these expectations have not been disappointed. Taken in connexion with Mrs. Henry Ady's "Beatrice D'Este", its sister-biography "Isabella D'Este", and one or two other English books lately printed, it seems to indicate that the tide of interest is once more flowing in the direction of that Italian literature of the Renaissance period which, till a couple of generations ago, was in English education what German literature is to-day. A hundred years ago Sir Walter Scott could illuminate one of the most beautiful situations in that novel which was Ruskin's favourite with a couple of lines from the "Orlando Furioso" in the full assurance that the bulk of his gentle readers would recognise their source; in another novel he could, happy in the same conviction, make his hero and his heroine "turn over a copy" of the same poem on a most important occasion in Osbaldistone Hall; hardly seventy years ago Hallam could open his criticism of the "Orlando" with the assertion that Ariosto was the "favourite poet of Europe" after Homer; and only sixty years ago Macaulay could assume that the mass of his readers in the "Edinburgh Review" would know—without further reference—the name of the "courteous knight" who, when forced to fight with Bradamante in the lists, "exchanged Balisarda for a less deadly blade". Nowadays we fear things are very different; young lovers no longer conduct their wooing over Ariosto or even over the milder pages of Tasso; probably even Mr. Churton Collins does not, as Walter Scott is said to have done, read the "Orlando Furioso" through once every year; while Mr. Andrew Lang himself, who seems to know everything, and annotates the great Sir Walter's novels with the most copious hand wherever they need no annotation, is forced to leave the lovely lines

"Oh! gran bontà dei cavalieri antiqui
Erano nemici eran' di fede diversa"

without a single word to tell the reader who wrote them or a single sentence to rectify the text.

We need hardly specify that the Dukes of Ferrara dealt with in Mr. Gardner's new work are Niccolò III., his sons, Lionello, Borso, and Ercole d'Este, and his grandson Alfonso I.; while the two chief poets

discussed are Boiardo and his greater continuator Ariosto. All through his work the author writes with sobriety and judgment; and if he does not succeed in kindling enthusiasm for the dreary sequel of political meanness and unchivalrous lack of patriotism that characterise the external history of the age he deals with—an age when, as has been not untruly remarked, a bad man was honoured for his vices and a good man despised for his virtues—he at least makes us feel the fullest sympathy with the intellectual fervour of the time. Above all else we have been favourably struck with the admirable character of the prose translations of the passages from Italian poets with which he so freely punctuates his pages. Many of these translations seem to be models of what such renderings into English should be; they have grace, clarity, concision and just that amount of quaintness in their phraseology that is needed to lift them above the level of ordinary prose.

Turning from Mr. Gardner's poets to his dukes we must frankly confess that his hero Ercole interests us far less than either of his two brothers, Lionello and Borso. We could have well done with a far longer account of Lionello than we are given; and even Borso appears somewhat truncated of his due. In one or two places also Mr. Gardner leaves us with the impression of not having quite mastered his materials. He has read through his subject well; but perhaps he has not read, with equal thoroughness round it. In his treatment of Duke Borso we miss one or two matters that we would gladly have seen alluded to or explained. We should have liked some little detail as to the Menagerie at Ferrara with, if possible, a quotation from Niccolò da Correggio as to its camels and giraffes. He is probably right in representing Borso as illiterate in one sense of the word; but if he really studied at Bologna and Padua, as Mr. Gardner assures us he did, the word can hardly be pressed so as to exclude all knowledge of Latin. We might have been told something as to others of the learned teachers and literati at Ferrara besides Guarino of Verona and his son; if nothing else, we might have been given the weighty words in which Nicolas, the German editor of Ptolemy, enumerates Duke Borso's chief scholars and declares that Borso himself is "the only Italian ruler" able to appreciate such a work as that he is offering. Again we should have liked some reference to that singular embassy that Borso sent to England in 1467, an embassy alluded to by the contemporary English chronicler with such tantalising brevity: "And from Schotland come in-bassytors; an sum com from the Duke of Burgon . . . also there com in-bassytors from the Kyng of Napyllys. And in-bassytors com from the Conte de Ferare." Still more should we have desired to see some explanation of the mysterious passages in the contemporary Burgundian historian, Olivier de la Marche, as to the joustery of the "Marquis of Ferrara" at the great wedding festivities that marked the marriage of our English Edward IV.'s sister, Margaret of York, with Charles the Bold of Burgundy. Olivier was present at the ceremony and drew up an official account of it; so that he can hardly be altogether wrong. Moreover he is supported by other equally contemporary evidence. But who can this "Marquis of Ferrara" be? Was it Borso or can it have been his nephew Francesco—either in jest or challenge assuming his uncle's title? Lastly would not Mr. Gardner have done well to warm up the pages of his book for English readers by some account of the numerous English scholars who, towards the middle of the fifteenth century, took up their abode at Ferrara to enjoy the teaching of the great Guarino and other scholars? As it is we have practically not a word about John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, the famous and hated Constable of England; or about William Grey (the patron of Niccolò Perotti, the first translator of Polybius)—afterwards Bishop of Ely; or about Robert Fleming the Dean of Lincoln; or John Gunthorpe the first English translator of Synesius—all of whom settled in Ferrara during the early days of its scholastic fame.

THE GOSPELS AS HISTORY.

"The Gospels as Historical Documents." Part I. By V. H. Stanton. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1903. 7s. 6d. net.

THE temptation which chiefly besets the theological scholar at the present day is that of spending his life over a succession of isolated points of interest. Sometimes he discovers a document, sometimes he happily combines facts which singly were of little significance; in any case he enriches us with a definite addition to our knowledge. The number of those to whom thanks are due for such service is constantly increasing, as is the difficulty of discovering in what learned volumes their contributions are buried. But even in Germany there is a tendency to flinch from the task of systematically examining a whole complex subject. Dr. Zahn of Leipzig, it is true, with none of the audacity and not much of the genius of Harnack, is steadily adding to his series of works on the Canon of the New Testament, which are already the most remarkable monument of erudition in our day. But he has few rivals, and it is a welcome sign of life in English scholarship that a Cambridge Professor should have undertaken to survey the whole field of the Gospels in a series of four volumes, the first of which has now appeared.

The present state of the problem resembles that of modern metaphysics. Two schools of thought are criticising one another, with no sign of an approaching agreement. There is equal knowledge and ability on either side, and it might seem that in freshness of thought the older cause has the advantage over the younger. Liberalism in historical theology is falling, at any rate for the moment, into a conventional state, as the iteration of catchwords and consecrated phrases shows. And it is suffering as it grows popular with the thoughtless. Criticism of the Schmiedel and Van Manen type can be produced with as little originality as was the crop of imitative Kailyard novels, and its vogue will be as brief. There is no such flimsiness in Dr. Stanton's work. He takes the evidence for the recognition of our four Gospels as authoritative documents in the second century and examines it in detail, with due regard to the estimates which have been formed concerning them since the rise of modern criticism. The work is done with scrupulous fairness; the effect upon the shape of our Lord's sayings of their originally oral transmission is recognised, and the probability that S. John's Gospel in its final form may not be the actual workmanship of the Apostle whose teaching it contains. Dr. Stanton confesses that supporters of the traditional view have pressed too far those famous passages of Irenæus and Polycrates in which they tell us how they had conversed with men who had known the survivors of the first generation of Christians. We cannot read their words without awe at the glimpse we are allowed of the beginnings of the faith, and without confidence in their attestation. But their evidence needs to be weighed and explained. The fashion of the day is to explain it away, and Dr. Stanton is more than justified in rejecting the ingenuity of special pleading with which its cogency is depreciated. The evidence that our four Gospels were recognised as historical documents far back into the second century has not been shaken, and it has not been stated so fully and logically in England as by Dr. Stanton. Nor is the other line of attack more successful. It has been attempted to place a number of other Gospels, of which our knowledge is still very defective, upon a level with the four. The effect of this would be to lower the authority of the canonical documents to that of these very unworthy rivals. But it cannot be shown that any one of them was taken seriously by an important Church, or was even widely circulated. They were, in fact, religious novels, and to regard them as co-ordinate with our Gospels is to betray the same want of humour and of common sense as was shown by our ancestors when they took the imaginary travels of the later Greeks for serious geography. The critics, indeed, cannot examine the facts dispassionately; they have a psychological explanation of Christianity, and quite unconsciously

allow this presupposition to colour the evidence in their eyes.

Dr. Stanton furnishes the best antidote by his calm and full statement of the facts, to which he wisely adds an exact citation of each passage on which he dwells. But his work is more than the presentation of a case, it is a serious contribution to knowledge, containing elaborate discussions, as ample as Zahn's though not as discursive, of points of interest, such as the quarto-deciman controversy and the obscure sect of the Alogi. He has as yet only touched the fringe of the subject. He has shown what the early Christians thought of our Gospels and to whose authorship they assigned them. But his treatment of this first portion of his task shows how solid a structure, based upon unsparing and independent labour, he has begun to raise.

THE NAVY IN PEPYS' DAY.

"Catalogue of the Pepysian MSS." Edited by J. R. Tanner. London: Printed for the Navy Records Society. 1903.

TO the memory of Samuel Pepys, a great public servant", these volumes are dedicated in the two hundredth year after his death. Dr. Hickey, the parson who ministered to our old friend in his last illness—Pepys died 26 May, 1703—writing on the day following the funeral, doubts not "but he is now a very blessed spirit"; and if hard work well done ensure a passport to the realms of bliss, that "very worthy, industrious and curious person", as Evelyn styles the deceased, surely earned some right of entry. Turning the pages of the Diary, the eye is arrested by Mr. Pepys' proceedings on another 26 May, when he was employed far otherwise than in asking absolution of Holy Church. Alas! it being Lord's Day, he was entertaining himself with his perspective glass up and down the church, by which he had the great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women, and what with that and sleeping passed away the time till the sermon was done. It is this sort of thing which has made it so difficult to think of Mr. Pepys without a smile, for when we try to conjure up the ghost of the hardworking official who devoted the best part of a long life to the service of his country, Pepys of the perspective glass, Pepys with a sorry head, Pepys making good resolutions not to wash his feet for fear of taking cold will insist on rising before us. And yet, after all, the Diary, commenced in 1660, ends with the first half of 1669, the whole time covered being less than nine years of a young man's life, whilst the official career of this great public servant lasted through the greater part of two reigns and only terminated on the abdication of James II. Pepys, by his will, left his library to his nephew for life, with the direction that it should afterwards be removed to his old college and placed in the custody of the Master there. A goodly proportion of the MSS. thus disposed of concern the navy, and it is to these Mr. Tanner has given his attention. The most important, the Admiralty letters—which are contained in fourteen volumes of which the first is not in the Pepysian library—are the letter-books of the secretary of the Admiralty, and their publication will be a boon not only for those who make naval history their special study but for many others who wish to attain to an accurate knowledge of the age and the difficulties with which the later Stuart kings had to contend. Want of money constantly interfered with well-meant attempts to put the navy on a sounder footing: lack of means wherewith to pay the seamen made it necessary to enforce the prerogative right to press which, though used with considerable discretion, as letters to various officers attest, was nevertheless one of the main causes of general discontent. A result of not being able to pay wages was that many men turned traitors, and Marvel sums up their attitude in the following lines:—

"Our seamen whom no danger's shape could fright
Unpaid, refuse to mount their ships, for spite,
Or to their fellows swim on board the Dutch,
Who shew the tempting metal in their clutch."

Pepys writes to Sir T. Allin on 21 August, 1673, that he is troubled to find De Ruyter "who, as he hears, hath not full 600 men, should have 200 of them made up of our countrymen and Scotch".

Dearth of funds embarrassed all arrangements for victualling and put it in the power of contractors and rascally pursers to excuse themselves when called to account for their delinquencies. As was to be expected, bad victualling reacted in turn on discipline; "Englishmen, and more especially seamen, love their bellies above anything else", comments Pepys, "and to make any abatement from them in the quality or agreeableness of the victuals is to discourage them in the tenderest part." To avoid the more pressing difficulty of finding money for wages, seamen and workmen were settled with by tickets and ships which ought to have been paid off that they might be put in proper condition for further service were frequently kept undischarged. The ticket system gave rise to much misery. Cash was seldom available to meet the tickets when presented, and the unfortunate men sold them for what they would fetch to save themselves and their families from starvation. The pecuniary situation dominated every business transaction of the office, and credit could only be obtained at usurious rates. The correspondence gives many an illustration of the great "costliness of poverty". How could discipline flourish when those responsible for the administration of the navy found themselves in such financial straits? The disease ate downwards; stores were embezzled, returns falsified: seamen, who could not get paid, rioted, whilst captains drove a trade in carrying merchants' goods and neglected their duty. No debtor is in a position to take a high tone when obliged to rebuke the shortcomings of others, and Government departments are no exception to the rule. In the circumstances, it is more surprising that offenders were ever brought to book than that so many escaped. There is no doubt that Charles felt a genuine interest in naval matters, but his playful fancy asserted itself in the choice of commissioners appointed in 1679. Pepys assumes an intention on the part of the King to "sport himself with their ignorance". It proved a right regal jest, the effects of which took much Pepysian industry to remedy. The general election in the early spring had gone against the Court, the Papist scare had driven men demented, Parliament was making itself objectionable over the Tangier affair, and the King could not resist giving vent to his saturnine humour. Before that date the navy had reached a very fair state of efficiency, thanks principally to the painstaking care of Pepys. In 1678 eighty-three vessels were in commission, the magazines were replete with stores, and of the first three rates there were thirty on the stocks. Soon after the appointment of the new commission the ships in harbour were allowed to go to the dogs and every department of administration suffered.

Pepys returned to office in 1684 and at once set himself to mend matters, and when James succeeded his brother things rapidly improved: the King had an expert knowledge of sea affairs and was a disciplinarian by nature. At the end of his reign naval organisation was "more efficient and governed by better traditions" than at the time of the Restoration. Pepys was the principal instrument in producing the change, but the King deserves credit for having so consistently backed his efforts. A careful study of the more solid and enduring work of the years which intervened between the Restoration and Revolution will correct the impression, fostered by Whig historians, that the naval administration of the Stuart era was thoroughly rotten; debt there was—and debt which continually tied the hands of the executive—but the Navy was in a parlous plight in this respect before ever the King came home. When Pepys retired from office he received no pension or reward for his services and he died a comparatively poor man. Two hundred years have passed.—It is time we acknowledged England's debt to one who may justly claim to be reckoned amongst the founders of her naval greatness.

Mr. Tanner opens his descriptive catalogue with an introduction giving an account of the papers in the Pepysian Collection, and the amount of material he has

worked into it shows a true grip on the essential. This general introduction takes up the larger part of the first volume. Pepys' Register of the Royal Navy and Register of Sea Officers occupy the remainder. The second volume commences the series of Admiralty Letters. The way in which Mr. Tanner has set about his task is admirable, for the cross-references are ample and accurate, the notes copious but terse; most important of all, the dates—and their number is legion—appear to be set down correctly: we have tested many but have detected no error. The Navy Records Society is fortunate in having secured an editor who brings the skill of a craftsman to the scholar's desk.

SIR GILBERT PARKER'S PUPPETS.

"A Ladder of Swords." By Gilbert Parker. London: Heinemann. 1904. 6s.

IT is not often that two romances come consecutively into one's hands, dealing with the same period, which illustrate so perfectly that difference of quality which comes of the presence or absence of imagination as "The Queen's Quair" and "A Ladder of Swords". It is a difference to be instantaneously detected, to be felt in the reading of a single page; yet, if not felt, extremely difficult to indicate by mere analysis and quotation. One of these tales is written as though it happened but yesterday, and yet goes back at once its three hundred years. There is about it scarcely a touch of the wilfully archaic; just a hint of place, and the rest the simplicity of all strong feeling. But this other, the "Ladder of Swords", uses every trick of diction, every device of antique colouring, to push its stage into the past, and succeeds in putting it no further from us than behind the footlights of a theatre. Theatrical it is in all its twistings; dramatic not a whit. We have ruffs, hose, jerkins, halberdiers, corselets, morions, Moorish pikes, birds from the Indies, jousts, tiltings, and so forth. Every bit of stale colour from the age of Elizabeth is plastered on to the scene, but never for an instant do we get an impression of that age; never is the working of a single mind revealed that might not have been brought up on cheap science and the penny paper, and not once is there a hint of the moulding influences of a time so removed from ours. The men tilt and fight and drink canary, and the women sit upon rushes, wear ruffles and slashed sleeves, and use the time-honoured phrases, but neither so much as suggest the ferment and roughness of their time. They belong, indeed, to no age, they are unpossessed of reality, they are of that great company of impossibles that people the stage.

Even the pathetic passages have to be taken to slow music, the Queen "making a motion to musicians in a distant gallery" when intent on hearing every word in a story spoken by a trembling girl. Elizabeth, indeed, sets a high standard of theatrical verbiage. "Ye have drawn a fair picture of this mortal me", she says in an impromptu reply, "and though from the grace of the picture the colours may fade by time, give by weather, may be spoiled by chance, yet my loyal mind, nor time with her swift wings shall overtake, nor the misty clouds may darken, nor chance with her slippery foot may overthrow"! Did the author not outdo the courtier in his descriptions of the Queen, one would imagine he was having a sly laugh at her, especially in that very slippery metaphor about the foot of chance. "Her eyes", he tells us, "wore ever a determined look, were persistent and vigilant, with a lurking trouble, yet flooded, too, by a quiet melancholy, like a low insistent note that floats through an opera of passion, romance, and tragedy; like a tone of pathos giving deep character to some splendid pageant, which praises while it commemorates, proclaiming conquest while the grass has not yet grown on quiet houses of the children of the sword who no more wield the sword". That is a good deal to put into an eye, especially into a queen's eye, and the fact that all its piled-up descriptiveness produces no image makes it worth quoting here as significant of the entire effort and failure of the book. It is in construction and development hopelessly artificial; there is not any-

where in it a single direct human touch to impart to one of the characters a savour of reality.

A note appended to the story mentions that "there will be found a few anachronisms in this tale", but chronological displacements are a small matter, even in historical romance, compared with psychological. One does not complain that the facts and the people are out of keeping with a specified time, but that they are out of keeping with all time; that they not only misrepresent the Elizabethan age; they misrepresent humanity. One must suppose that such a book is written in compliance with the market demand, for one cannot imagine its compilation proving of any interest to a man's intelligence.

NOVELS.

"A Bride from the Sea." By Guy Boothby. London: Long. 1904. 3s.

Mr. Boothby seems to have adopted the advice of his reviewers and submitted his manuscript for revision by someone possessing an elementary knowledge of grammar. In the present volume there is scarcely a sentence for which a Board-school child would need to blush. But we are not sure that the admirers of Mr. Boothby are to be congratulated on the change. Syntax is a poor substitute for sensation, and accurate prose need not be prosy. The story is very simple, and is destitute of artifice or imagination. The whole of it may be told in a few lines: The year after the defeat of the Armada a Spanish ship was wrecked off the coast of Devon. A young lady was rescued by Gilbert Penniston, who took her to the house of his father, Sir Matthew. They were presently betrothed; she was suddenly carried off to Spain; Gilbert followed, brought her back after the usual adventures and married her. Perhaps there exist readers whose interest or curiosity would be now and then aroused by such a narrative.

"The Black Shilling." By Amelia E. Barr. London: Unwin. 1904. 6s.

A conviction steals over the reader of this book not unlike that which made Lewis Carroll's Carpenter affirm that his slice of bread was disproportionately buttered. It is not a bad pudding, but there is too much sugar in it. Why will women writers so often

(Continued on page 404.)

PELICAN & BRITISH EMPIRE

FOUNDED 1797.

LIFE OFFICE.

Head Office: 70 LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

The OLDEST Proprietary Office in the World
Transacting Life Assurance Business only.

TOTAL ASSETS
nearly
FIVE MILLIONS.

LARGE BONUSES
and
LOW RATES OF PREMIUM.

Full Prospectus on application to G. H. RYAN, General Manager.

ESTABLISHED 1848.

Assets - - £8,688,242.

GRESHAM LIFE OFFICE

Claims Paid exceed £19,500,000.

Life Assurance Without Medical Examination.

JAMES H. SCOTT,
General Manager and Secretary.

Head Office—
ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

A WONDERFUL DIVIDEND—

THE RESULT OF AN INVESTMENT WITH

**THE MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK.**

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

Policy No. 637,660.	Amount, £10,000.	Issued 13th July, 1894.
Whole Life.	10 Payments.	10-year Distribution.
Policy - - - - -	- - - - -	£10,000 0 0
Reversionary Bonus - - - - -	- - - - -	4,082 15 0
Fully Paid-up Policy - - - - -	- - - - -	£14,082 15 0

This Reversionary Bonus exceeds 4 per Cent. per Annum.

The Cash Surrender Value of the above Policy is at the present time £11,043 2s., or £1,043 2s. more than the Face Value of the Policy, although the Insurance has only been in force ten years.

This is but one example of the liberality of the Policies issued by the MUTUAL LIFE, and is by no means an isolated one. Other recent settlements show quite as good results. These Investment Contracts possess the double advantage of affording ample protection in the event of death, and of creating a Profitable Estate for the Policy-holder himself should he survive the Distribution period.

Particulars of Policies to meet every requirement on application to the Head Office for the United Kingdom:—

D. C. HALDEMAN, General Manager,
16, 17, 18 Cornhill, London, E.C.

PAID TO LIVING POLICY-HOLDERS, OVER £70,000,000.
Assets, £81,981,491. Income, £15,901,431.

**HAND-IN-HAND
INSURANCE
SOCIETY.**

Established 1696.

THE OLDEST INSURANCE
OFFICE.

LARGE BONUSES.

26 NEW BRIDGE STREET, Annual Income - £512,500
LONDON, E.C. Accumulated Funds £3,214,365

INVESTMENT LIFE ASSURANCE.

**Special Scheme combining a Family Provision
with a Good Investment or a Pension for Life.**

Thus—Sum Assured £1,000, payable at age 60 or earlier in the event of death, Annual Premium at age 25, £25 9s. 2d. Total Premiums paid in 35 years would amount to £891 0s. 10d.

Estimated results on attaining age 60.

A Cash Payment of	£1,525 0 0; or,
An Annuity of	140 0 0; or,
A Free Paid-up Policy for	2,180 0 0.

WRITE FOR PROSPECTUS OF

LONDON AND LANCASHIRE LIFE OFFICE,
66 and 67 CORNHILL, E.C.

W. P. CLIREHUGH, General Manager and Actuary.

**THE COLONIAL MUTUAL
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY LIMITED,**
33 POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

Funds Exceed - £2,814,000.

Endowment Assurances at Low Rates.

Large Guaranteed Bonuses.

Gentlemen able to influence business and desiring copy of prospectus should write to

EDWARD W. BROWNE, Manager.

**Clergy Mutual
Assurance Society, 1829.**

OPEN TO THE

CLERGY AND THEIR RELATIVES.

ALL PROFITS BELONG TO THE MEMBERS.

LOW PREMIUMS—LARGE BONUSES—ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Funds, £4,194,485.

Income, £398,982.

Bonuses Distributed, £3,723,720.

Assurances can be readily effected by direct communication with the Office.

2 & 3 The Sanctuary, Westminster, S.W.

GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Mortgages.]

ESTABLISHED 1837.

[Annuities.

CAPITAL—£1,000,000.

FUNDS IN HAND—£1,900,000.

Chief Office: 103 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Board of Directors.

Sir ANDREW LUSK, Bt., Chairman.

ALFRED JAMES SHEPHEARD, Esq., Deputy Chairman.

Lord ARTHUR CECIL.

JOHN ROBERT FREEMAN, Esq.

Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR.

CHARLES PRICE, Esq.

HENRY WILLIAM RIPLEY, Esq.

ROBERT HENRY SCOTT, Esq., F.R.S.

D.Sc.

WILLIAM MULLER, Esq.

Double advantage policies issued securing TWO PAYMENTS of the amount assured—one payment on the attainment of a specific age, and a second payment at death thereafter.

Advances made on Reversions, vested or contingent, and Life Interests, and on Personal Security in connection with a Life Policy.

JOHN ROBERT FREEMAN, Secretary and Manager.

**LONDON, EDINBURGH & GLASGOW
ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.**

Established 1881.

**LIFE ASSURANCE. ACCIDENT ASSURANCE.
INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE.**

Summary of the Progress made during the past Five Years.

Year ended	Premiums.	Increase.
1898	£333,241	—
1903	£469,502	£136,261

THOS. NEILL, General Manager.

Insurance Buildings, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

APPLICATIONS FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

**NORWICH UNION
MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE.**

NEW BUSINESS for 1903 - £3,131,728.

"It is the ideal office for a policyholder."

LOCAL GOVERNMENT JOURNAL

EIGHT-OPTION TABLE
And other Attractive Schemes.

Send for particulars to Dept. 11,

Norwich Union Life Office, NORWICH.

**PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY
(LIMITED)**

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

INVESTED FUNDS - £50,000,000.

overstate their case, and dot their i's so remorselessly? Especially in the letters and conversations of her lovers Mrs. Barr leaves too little to the imagination. Perhaps she distrusts the imagination of her public, and knows that its palate cannot easily be cloyed, no matter how saccharine the dish presented. Hawthorne wrote of New England in a different strain to this, and when Mrs. Barr invades his country she might be well advised to study his methods. Most male readers, also, will tire of the excessive amount of still life which cumber these pages; the author loves to dilate on jewels, garments, comestibles and the varied contents of rare old cabinets. Too much sugar, again. The remaining ingredients of this pudding are witchcraft, Boston, the North Church, Cotton Mather (with liberal quotations from his diaries), surpassingly lovely damsels, heroic seamen, puritanic traders and improving conversation in which one character informs another (for the reader's benefit) of a good many things with which there is no apparent reason for doubting that he or she was already familiar. It is rather stodgy: but there is no sin in it, any more than there was in Mr. Shandy's black bear.

"The Fugitive." By Ezra S. Brudno. London: Heinemann. 1904. 6s.

This narrative of the life of a Jewish orphan, born in Russia, which reads like an autobiography and perhaps is one, is full of interest and pathos. After the loss of his parents in tragic circumstances, Israel Abramowitch is brought up amid the hardships of the Talmud-Torah (School of the Poor) and at a yeshiva, or seminary, where the Talmud is almost the sole object of study. The admission of Jews to the Gymnasias by Alexander II. gives the boy a wider outlook. He has already begun to doubt the infallibility of his faith, when he falls in love with Katia, a Christian girl. In order to win her he must accept baptism; and he has stifled his scruples sufficiently to undergo the rite when the spectacle of a barbarous massacre of Jews at Kieff (told in painful and agonising detail) brings home to him once more the eternal conflict of race and religion. Katia, moreover, has disappeared with her father, who is suspected of Nihilism and has fled the country. Israel cannot find her anywhere. Baffled in his search and despairing as to the future of his race in Russia, he emigrates to America. Here, after many vicissitudes, he falls in with Katia again, and they are at last united. The experience of life convinces Israel that "none but the fugitive race are the eternal bearers of the cross". Only love, in his case the love of Katia, can reconcile the individual to his share of the burden.

"Spindrift." By Ella Fordyce. London: Sonnenschein. 1904. 6s.

When the opening scene of a novel is laid in a fishing village, we know that the chief characters will be a sturdy Nonconformist fisherman, with rigid ideas as to filial obedience; his lovely daughter, and the honest fisher lad who has loved her from a child. We are not surprised to learn that a yacht is in the bay, and when its owner appears upon the scene we know that the honest young fisherman will lose his promised bride. "Spindrift" shows no startling originality in the treatment of a well-worn theme, but is quite healthy and harmless reading for young girls. The dialogue suggests the style of a serial in a parish magazine, and is curiously stilted even for its period, some fifty years back. But for a certain freshness, and sense of beauty, in the description of the picturesque scenery of the Northumbrian coast, and its seafaring inhabitants, the book would have little to recommend it, even to the class of reader we have suggested for it.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Pagan Ireland: Epochs of Irish History." By Eleanor Hull. London: Nutt. Dublin: Gill. 1904. 3s. 6d. net.

Miss Hull could probably have written a far more critical account of early Ireland than is contained in the present volume, but we dare say the Gaelic League, to which these lectures were delivered, did not want one. The first part of her book, a description of "Social Life in Pagan Ireland", gives a very good and interesting summary of the information to be found in such works as O'Curry's "Manners and Customs" and

Dr. Joyce's "Social Life in Ancient Ireland", while the second collects a number of legends of the early kings. The multiplicity of unfamiliar names will perplex the careless reader, but many of these old stories are very fascinating, and we do not know of any book which brings them together in such a satisfactory form. The extent of our information about life in pre-Christian Ireland (as opposed to the exact record of historical events) is quite remarkable. French scholars have drawn from the Irish poems and legends most valuable material for the elucidation of the Kulturgeschichte of Celtic Europe (for there is no other literary authority except a few scattered and ill-informed notices in Greek and Latin writers), but still the unintelligent parrot-cry goes up in England that in the first place there is no Irish literature, and in the second Irish literature is worthless. Too much is claimed of course on the other side, but if any such copious sources had existed for the study of early Teutonic life we should never have heard the last of them from the school of Freeman. The present little book should do something to dispel the common ignorance. Its printing and general get-up are certainly not worthy either of the publisher or the price, and there is no index. We hope to see the series continued under improved conditions.

"The Expositor's Greek Testament." Edited by W. Robertson Nicoll. Vol. III. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1903. 28s.

If five competent theologians bury their labours in one cumbrous quarto volume which appears with a name upon its title-page that inspires much less confidence than theirs, we must respect their evident desire for obscurity. Their work is sound and conscientious, though there are occasional weaknesses of scholarship in the commentary on Philippians. There are great differences of scale and of method; some publish their results, others the processes by which they have reached them; Principal Salmond on Ephesians has written what would have formed a substantial volume by itself; compared with the others he is a young cuckoo in the nest. There is no evidence that the editor has done his duty; in one minor though not unimportant point, the arrangement and contents of the critical notes, there is no uniformity at all, and this neglect of duty on Dr. Nicoll's part is typical of a good deal else in the book. That versatile business man of letters has no doubt too many irons in the fire to be able to give serious attention to so dull a task as that of controlling the execution of a learned work. The title "The Expositor's Greek Testament" is incomprehensible, unless it be meant as a bait to catch those who have to expound from the pulpit. The commentators with good taste and good sense abstain from homiletical expansion; and some of them, notably Dr. Salmond, display an erudition and allude to an array of foreign disquisitions that will almost baffle the would-be expositor in his search for next Sunday's material. The Dean of Westminster, who prefixes no attractive title to his commentary on Ephesians, supplies a far greater wealth of thought and makes a smaller show of learning. In the present volume Dean Bernard, the most modest of the contributors, is also the most practical.

"The A B C Guide to Stock Exchange." Manchester: Freeborn Franklin and Co. 1904. Gratis.

This little book contains a valuable and interesting record of the highest and lowest prices of the leading Stock Exchange securities during fifteen years. Its authors are outside dealers and they recommend operators to speculate on deposited margin and at tape prices. If people must gamble on the Stock Exchange, limited is certainly preferable to unlimited liability, both for agent and principal. The deposited margin is only another form of giving for the "put" or the "call", except that most options give you a longer run for your money. Messrs. Freeborn and Franklin do not charge brokers' commissions, but make their profits out of the tape prices, which are wide. As long as the client is aware of this, there is no harm in the system, though whether these profits are larger or smaller than the regular commissions will depend on the stock or share dealt in.

"Compendious Syriac Grammar." By Theodor Nöldeke. Translated from the second and improved German edition by J. A. Crichton. London: Williams and Norgate. 1904. 18s. net.

Professor Nöldeke's Syriac Grammar needs no recommendation. It is not only the best that has appeared or is likely to appear for many years to come, but it is also a model of what the grammar of a dead language ought to be. Dr. Crichton has performed his task of translation conscientiously and well, and in performing it has been able to correct a few oversights such as are inseparable from all human work. A table of Syriac characters has been added by the able pen of Professor Euting, in which they are traced through Nabathean and Palmyrene to their original Aramaic forms. The introduction, in which Professor Nöldeke gives an account of that dialect of Edessa which from its adoption by Christian writers became the classical Syriac of ecclesiastical literature, though short, is admirably clear and pertinent.

For this Week's Books see page 406.

People will talk about
the way VINOLIA
improves the complexion.

4d. per Tablet.

EPPS'S

An admirable Food
of the Finest Quality
and Flavour.

The Original Cocoa, and a Speciality, being distinguished from all others by its invigorating nutritious qualities and its delicious flavour. This Cocoa, containing as it does all the substance of the Cocoa Nib, maintains its leading position after three-quarters of a Century as the best form of Cocoa for every-day use.

Buy a packet
at once and you
will continue.

COCOA

BIRKBECK BANK.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

2½ per cent. INTEREST

allowed on Deposit Accounts Repayable on demand.

2 per cent. INTEREST

allowed on Current Accounts on minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.

Advances made to Customers, and all General Banking Business transacted.

Apply C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary,
Southampton Buildings, High Holborn, W.C.

IF YOU DRINK SODA WATER, DRINK THE BEST.

W. & J.
Burrow,
The
Springs,
Malvern.

Six dozen
cartage paid.

NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.

Black Handle 5/6	Pr. Ivory Handles in
Ivory Handle 7/6	Russia Leather Case 21/-
Kropp DUPLEX STROP 7/6	Kropp Strop Paste .. 6d.

Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT, & Co., LONDON, W.

ORIENT-PACIFIC LINE

TO AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, & TASMANIA.

ROYAL MAIL SERVICE.

LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY for the
above COLONIES, calling at PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, MAR-
SEILLES, NAPLES, PORT SAID, and COLOMBO.

Managers: { F. GREEN & CO. Head Offices:
ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO., } Fenchurch Avenue, London.
For Passage apply to the latter firm at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to
the Branch Office, 23 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE.

1904 Edition (14th). 200 pages.

HOW TO OPEN AN ACCOUNT WITH £10 UPWARDS.

A.B.C. OF CALL OPTIONS.

SELECTION OF STOCKS.

FLUCTUATIONS AND PROFITS.

AVERAGING.

A.B.C. OF STOCK EXCHANGE.

METHODS OF OPERATING.

TAPE QUOTATIONS.

HIGHEST AND LOWEST SALES LAST 15 YEARS.

GRATIS AND POST FREE.

Address:—PUBLISHERS, 12 Bank Street, Manchester.



BARR'S POPULAR 21/- COLLECTION OF DAFFODILS
Contains 6 Bulbs each of 26 Fine Distinct Varieties suitable for
Pot-culture or for the Flower Border.

Half the above Collection for 10/6.

BARR'S WOODLAND 21/- COLLECTION OF DAFFODILS
Contains 500 Strong Bulbs in 20 Fine Showy Varieties suitable
for Naturalising.

Descriptive Catalogue of all the finest Daffodils in Cultivation, Free.

BARR & SONS,

11, 12 & 13 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.

R. ANDERSON & CO.

BRITISH, INDIAN, AND COLONIAL ADVERTISEMENT CONTRACTORS.

14 COCKSPUR STREET, CHARING CROSS, S.W.,

GIVE THE BEST TERMS for Company and General Advertising. Advice,
Estimates, and all information free of charge. Replies received.

ELY CATHEDRAL.

Visitors will find First Class Hotel Accommodation at the
"LAMB" Family Hotel, which is situated close to the Cathedral.
MODERATE TERMS. Omnibus meets all trains.
Proprietor, S. AIREY.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Price 2d. weekly.

A Rapid Review of the Press Opinions of the Week.

Special Articles:

POLITICAL WOBBLERS:

X. Sir John Stirling Maxwell, M.P.

REAL HELP FOR THE HOSPITALS.

Our £5,000 Prize Scheme.

OUR GIRLS:

VIII. The Old Girl.

Offices: 6 BELL'S BUILDINGS, FLEET STREET, E.C.

THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE

FOR OCTOBER.

Now Ready. Price One Shilling.

Contains a remarkable symposium on the question—

Is the English Novel Dead?

Mr. G. S. Street's article lamenting the decadence of the English Novel, which appeared in the September number, attracted so much attention in the daily and weekly newspapers that the Editor thought it might be interesting, and perhaps even useful, if he sought some particular opinions.

The Contributors to this symposium are the following:—

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS, EDMUND GOSSE,
H. G. WELLS, W. L. COURTNEY,
ANDREW LANG, WALTER FREWEN LORD.

THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE

FOR OCTOBER ALSO CONTAINS—

DR. CLIFFORD: a Study in Personality.

By HERBERT VIVIAN. With a Portrait.

Many Stories and beautiful Illustrations.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

THE TIGER OF MUSCOVY. Chapters XIX.-XXIV. By FRED WHISHAW.
ADAPTATION OF MEANS TO ENDS. By JAMES BUCKLAND.
OLLARD'S PROPOSALS. By CHARLES FIELDING MARSH.
EL MOKO. By EDMUND MITCHELL.
THE FIRST SIGHT OF ROME. By F. R. C. S.
THE WREN-BUSH. By MAUD E. SARGENT.
AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP. By ANDREW LANG.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

For OCTOBER.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

CONTENTS.

THE TRUANTS. Chaps. XXVIII.-XXX. By A. E. W. MASON.
WASHINGTON. LINCOLN, AND GRANT. By General JAMES GRANT WILSON, D.C.L.
HOUSEHOLD BUDGETS ABROAD. IV. Italy. By L. VILLARI.
THE FIGHT OF THE "VARYAG" AND THE "KORJETZ." By H. C. THOMSON.
AUTUMN ON DARTMOOR. By F. M. PEARD.
HISTORICAL MYSTERIES. X. The Case of Captain Green. By ANDREW LANG.
A RAGAMUFFIN OF THE FOOT-HILLS. By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.
THE NEW CHEMISTRY. II. The Mechanics of Chemical Change. By W. A. SHENSTONE, F.R.S.
"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS." By CHARLES OLIVER.
THE AMERICAN CHLOE. By MARIAN BOWER.
ROSE OF THE WORLD. Book II. Chaps. I.-IV. By AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

Ready at all Booksellers' and Newsagents on September 26.

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

NOTICE.

The Terms of Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW are:—

	United Kingdom.			Abroad.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
One Year ...	1	8	2	1	10	4
Half Year ...	0	14	1	0	15	2
Quarter Year ...	0	7	1	0	7	7

Cheques and Money Orders should be crossed and made payable to the Manager, SATURDAY REVIEW Offices, 33 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

In the event of any difficulty being experienced in obtaining the SATURDAY REVIEW, the Publisher would be glad to be informed immediately.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

ART

Holbein (Beatrice Fortescue). Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY.

Letters of William Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford, 1825-1901 (Edited by W. H. Hutton). Constable. 17s. 6d. net.
The Life of Sir Herbert Stanley Oakeley (Edward Murray Oakeley). Allen. 3s. 6d.
Quintin Hogg (Ethel M. Hogg). Constable. 12s. 6d. net.
Aubrey de Vere: a Memoir based on his Unpublished Diaries and Correspondence (Wilfred Ward). Longmans. 14s. net.

FICTION

John Chilcote M.P. (Katherine Cecil Thurston). Blackwood. 6s.
After All (Beatrice Whitby). Hurst and Blackett. 3s. 6d.
The Rose Spinner (Mary Deane). Murray. 6s.
A Bid for Freedom (Guy Boothby). 5s.; The Betrayal (E. P. Oppenheim). 6s. Ward, Lock.
Emmanuel Burden (Hilaire Belloc); The Lady of Loyalty House (Justin H. McCarthy). Methuen. 6s. each.
A Very Queer Business, &c. (William Westall). Chatto and Windus. 6s.
A Lieutenant of the King (Morice Gerard). Cassell. 6s.
The Sorrows of Jupiter ("Julius"). Greening. 3s. 6d.
The Viking's Skull (John R. Carling). Ward, Lock. 6s.
The Handloom Weaver's Daughter (James Haslam). Brown, Langham. 6s.
The Shellback's Progress (Walter Runciman sen.). Walter Scott. 3s. 6d.
At the Moorings (Rosa Nouchette Carey). Macmillan. 6s.
Capricious Caroline (E. Maria Albanesi). Methuen. 6s.
Sooner or Later (Violet Hunt). Chapman and Hall. 6s.
The Third Experiment (Rosamond Langbridge). Unwin. 6s.
In the Straits of Time (Christopher Hare). 6s.; A Flame of Fire (Joseph Hocking. Illustrated Edition). 3s. 6d. Cassell

HISTORY AND ARCHEOLOGY

A History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation (Andrew Lang. Vol. III.). Blackwood. 15s. net.
Literary Influence in British History (Hon. Albert S. G. Canning). Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.
Wellington's Operations in the Peninsula (Captain Lewis Butler. 2 vols.). Unwin. 32s. net.
Recent Discoveries in the Forum, 1898-1904 (St. Clair Baddeley). Allen.
The Chronicles of an Old Campaigner: M. de la Colonie, 1692-1717 (Translated from the French by Walter C. Horsley). Murray. 15s. net.

LAW

War and Neutrality in the Far East (T. J. Lawrence. Second Edition). Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.

NATURAL HISTORY

The Scenery of England and the Causes to which it is Due (Lord Avebury. Third Edition). Macmillan. 6s.
Bird Notes from the Nile (Lady William Cecil). Constable. 3s. 6d. net.
An Indian Garden (Mrs. Henry Cooper Eggar). Murray. 7s. 6d. net.
Honoria's Patchwork. Chapman and Hall. 6s.
A Maidstone Naturalist's Rambles during the "Year of Rain" (J. B. Groom). Maidstone: "South Eastern Gazette." 2s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS

The Works of John Ruskin: The Seven Lamps of Architecture. Allen. 3s. 6d. net.
Gems from the Victorian Anthology (Edited by the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff), 2s. 6d. net; Browning's A Death in the Desert (Rev. G. U. Pope), 1s. 6d. net. Sonnenschein.
The Sweet Miracle (Eça de Queiroz. Done into English by Edgar Prestage). Nutt. 1s. net.
English Poetry for the Young (Compiled and Edited by S. E. Winbolt). Blackie. 1s.

SCHOOL BOOKS

A First Book of French Oral Teaching for Use in Schools (C. V. Calvert. Edited by W. G. Hartog). Rivingtons.
Landmarks of European History (E. H. McDougall). Blackie. 3s. 6d.
Whitaker's Modern Method of Learning German (C. W. Whitaker and H. G. Braun). Whitaker. 3s. net.
Solutions of the Exercises in Godfrey and Siddons' Elementary Geometry (E. A. Price). Cambridge: at the University Press. 5s. net.
How to Become a Teacher (F. W. Berry). Unwin. 1s. net.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

Studies in the Philosophy of Religion (George Galloway). Blackwood. 7s. 6d. net.
Man and his Environment: Thoughts of a Thinker (Collected and Edited by his Friend John P. Kingsland). Murray. 7s. 6d. net.
The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals (Charles Darwin. Edited by Francis Darwin. Popular Edition). Murray. 2s. 6d. net.
Ideals of Science and Faith: Essays by Various Authors (Edited by Rev. J. E. Hand). Allen. 5s. net.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE'S LIST.

LETTERS OF BISHOP STUBBS. Edited and Arranged by W. H. HUTTON, B.D. Illustrated, demy 8vo. 17s. 6d. net.

SHELLEY. An Essay. By A. A. JACK, Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge, Author of "Thackeray: a Study," &c. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

JOHN OF GAUNT. By S. ARMITAGE-SMITH. With Portraits and Maps. Demy 8vo. about 500 pp. 15s. net.

QUINTIN HOGG. A Biography. By ETHEL M. HOGG. With an Introduction by the Duke of Argyll. Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

A JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE. By ONOTO WATANNA. With Coloured Illustrations. Extra crown 8vo. 6s.

WILLIAM COBBETT: a Study of his Life as shown in his Writings. By E. I. CARLYLE. Demy 8vo. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.

AGRICULTURAL AND PASTORAL PROSPECTS IN SOUTH AFRICA. By Colonel OWEN THOMAS. Demy 8vo. 6s.

SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY. By WILLIAM OSLER, M.D., F.R.S., Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford. 2s. 6d.

THE CABINET AND WAR. By Major EVANS-GORION, M.P., Author of "The Alien Question." Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

LOST MASTERPIECES. By ST. JOHN HANKIN. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

BIRD NOTES FROM THE NILE. By Lady WILLIAM CECIL. Fcap. 8vo. Illustrated, 2s. 6d. net.

DUKES AND POETS IN FERRARA. A Study in the Politics, Poetry, and Religion of the Fifteenth and Early Sixteenth Centuries. By EDMUND G. GARDNER, Author of "Dante's Ten Heavens," &c. With numerous Photogravure Plates. Demy 8vo. 15s. net.

"He is an excellent writer—lucid, full of humour and sympathy. The illustrations are aptly chosen and beautiful."—*Times*.

NAPOLEON'S BRITISH VISITORS AND CAPTIVES, 1800-1815. By JOHN GOLDWORTH ALGER, Author of "The New Paris Sketch Book," &c. Demy 8vo. 15s. 6d.

"Full of interest, full of good things."—*Daily News*.

"An interesting study of an interesting subject."—*Spectator*.

"Full of curious and interesting matter."—*Westminster Gazette*.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ANCIENT EGYPT. By PERCY E. NEWBERRY and JOHN GARSTANG. With 4 Maps, crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

"A book which furnishes to anyone unacquainted with Egyptology a better idea of Egyptian history than he would be likely to gather from the study of many more pretentious volumes. It will doubtless be before long in the hands of every tourist in Egypt."—*Athenæum*.

THE DEATH OF THE GODS. By MEREJ-KOWSKI. Small crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net. [Constable's 2s. 6d. Series.]

PARK LANE. By PERCY WHITE, Author of "The West End," &c. 2s. 6d. [Constable's 2s. 6d. Series.]

SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

Messrs. CONSTABLE beg to announce for publication on Wednesday next the posthumous Novel of GEORGE GISSING, entitled "**VERANILDA.**"

The opinion of two eminent critics who have read the book in proof: Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON says:—"His best and most original work." Mr. H. G. WELLS says:—"Gissing's maturest, last, and most deliberately conceived book."

THE DIVINE FIRE. By MAY SINCLAIR, Author of "Two Sides of a Question," "Mr. and Mrs. Nevill Tyson," &c.

THE BANDOLERO. By PAUL GWYNNE, Author of "Marta," &c.

ARCHERS OF THE LONG BOW. By ARTHUR MOORE, Author of "The Knight Punctilious," &c.

"A great literary triumph."

SIR MORTIMER. By MARY JOHNSTON. Illustrated by F. C. YOUNG.

Punch says:—"It is a book of which she has every right to be proud: when one reflects upon the proofs here given of her possession of those qualities so rarely found together—a man's strength and a woman's tenderness—it would be hard to name a living writer, of either sex, who could have written it for her."

BY THE SAME AUTHOR. **AUDREY. THE OLD DOMINION.** BY ORDER OF THE COMPANY.

ENID. By MARMADUKE PICKTHALL, Author of "Said the Fisherman."

BROKE OF COVENDEN. By J. C. SNAITH, Author of "Mistress Dorothy Marvin," &c. [Second Edition in the Press.]

DOROTHEA. By MAARTEN MAARTENS. Second Edition.

AN ENGLISH GARNER. Now Complete in Twelve Vols. 4s. net each. Latest Volumes.

ELIZABETHAN SONNETS. Edited by SIDNEY LEE. Two Vols. 3s. net.

A. CONSTABLE & CO. (LTD.), London

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS

SECOND EDITION, with a New Chapter dealing with the "Allanton" and "Knight Commander."

WAR AND NEUTRALITY IN THE FAR EAST.

By T. J. LAWRENCE, M.A., LL.D. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

Important New Work on MANCHURIA. MANCHU AND MUSCOVITE

By B. L. PUTNAM WEALE. With Map and Illustrations. 8vo. 10s. net.

THIRD AND CHEAPER EDITION. **THE SCENERY OF ENGLAND, AND THE CAUSES TO WHICH IT IS DUE.** By the Right Hon. LORD AVEBURY, Pres. Soc. Ant., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D., &c. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Standard—"Well illustrated, well printed, and well written.....Worthy of its author's reputation."

THE ART OF PUTTING. By WALTER J. TRAVIS, Amateur Champion of America, Amateur Champion of the World, 1904, and JACK WHITE, Open Champion of the World, 1904. Edited and Illustrated by G. W. BELDAM. With Action Photographs taken expressly for this work. Crown 8vo. sewed. 1s. net.

SECOND EDITION NOW READY. **METHODS OF SOCIAL REFORM,** and other Papers. By W. STANLEY JEVONS, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. 8vo. 10s. net.

THE BEST NEW NOVELS.

Crown 8vo. gilt tops, 6s. each. **H. G. WELLS.** The Food of the Gods and How it Came to Earth.

ROSA N. CAREY. At the Moorings.

MAURICE HEWLETT. The Queen's Quair; or, The Six Years' Tragedy.

WINSTON CHURCHILL. The Crossing.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY SERIES. New Vol. **THE IDYLLS OF THE KING.** By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. Pott 8vo. 2s. 6d. net. Also in cloth elegant, gilt back and gilt top, 2s. 6d. net; limp leather, gilt back and gilt edges, 3s. 6d. net. [Tuesday.]

OCTOBER NUMBERS READY ON TUESDAY. THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Illustrated. Price 1s. 4d. The OCTOBER NUMBER contains:—"IN THE PERIL OF THE SEA." By ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL. Pictures by JOSEPH PENNELL. **TOGO, THE MAN AND THE ADMIRAL.** By ADACHI KINOSUKE. **THE COSSACKS.** By DAVID B. MACGOWAN. **THE SEA-WOLF.—IX.** A Story. By JACK LONDON. And numerous other Stories and Articles of General Interest.

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR CHILDREN. ST. NICHOLAS.

Price 1s. The OCTOBER NUMBER contains:—"WHAT A LUMP OF COAL COULD DO." Sketch. By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH. **HAROLD'S CHICKEN.** Story. Illustrated. By EMILY V. METHVEN. "KIBUN DAIZIN." Serial Story. By GENSAI MURAL. And numerous other Stories for the Young.

MACMILLAN and CO., Limited, London.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is on sale at the following places abroad:—

PARIS	The Galignani Library, 224 Rue de Rivoli.
"	Messrs. Boyveau & Chevillet, 22 Rue de la Banque.
"	Le Kiosque Michel, Boulevard des Capucines.
"	Le Kiosque Duperren, Boulevard des Capucines.
"	Kiosque 172 (Terminus) Rue St. Lazare.
BRUSSELS	Messrs. G. Lebeque et Cie., 46 Rue de la Madeleine.
BERLIN	W. H. Kuhl, Jagenstrasse 73.
VIENNA	Messrs. Gerold & Co., 8 Stefansplatz.
BUDA-PESTH	A. Lappert.
ROME	Messrs. Loescher & Co., Corso 307.
MADRID	Liberia Gutenberg, Plaza de Santa Ana 13.
CONSTANTINOPLE	Otto Keil, 457 Grande Rue de Pera.
HOMBURG	Schick's Library.
CAIRO	The Anglo-American Bookselling Depot.
NEW YORK	The International News Company, 53 & 55 Duane St.
BOSTON, MASS. (U.S.A.)	Messrs. Darnell & Upfam, 283 Washington Street.
TORONTO, CANADA	The Toronto News Company, 42 Yonge Street.
"	The Harold Wilson Company, 336 St. James's Street.
MONTREAL, CANADA	The Montreal News Company, 386 St. James's Street.
"	A. T. Chapman, 2407 St. Catharine Street.

When Did It Happen ?

As the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA* is essential to the student who wants essays and lengthy dissertations on every subject, so Haydn's is essential to the man who knows his subject thoroughly but may be in doubt as to a fact or a date. Dates are the most elusive of the things a man wants to know. He may remember the year of Agincourt and forget that of Waterloo: yet it may be important to the point he wishes to make to know both. He turns to Haydn. He may recollect that the Indian Mutiny occurred in 1857, but is he sure when the mutiny on board the *Bounty* took place? He may be dealing with great fires—he can recall several such as the fire of London in 1666, but innumerable outbreaks of the first magnitude he cannot be sure about. Haydn's will remind him.

Haydn's in a word presents KNOWLEDGE in a NUTSHELL.

HAYDN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES.

THE TWENTY-THIRD EDITION, brought up to the beginning of 1904, is

A COMPLETE RECORD of all TIMES AND NATIONS

COMPRISING

Remarkable Occurrences, Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern—Nations and their Governments, Laws, Institutions, Manners, and Customs—The Origin, Development, and Progress of Arts, Sciences, Laws, and Learning—The Civil, Military, Religious, Moral, and Philanthropic Institutions of various Nations in the different Epochs.

WITH

**SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE HISTORY AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF
THE BRITISH EMPIRE.**

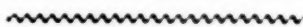
Indispensable to Editors, Authors, Journalists,

Schoolmasters, Librarians, Ministers, Lawyers,

M.P.'s, Business Men, and Public Men generally.

HAYDN'S HAS NO RIVAL.

The Times says: "'HAYDN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES' is the most Universal Book of Reference in a moderate compass that we know of in the English language."



Now Offered for the first time on the Instalment System.

The Prices are: Medium 8vo. cloth, 21s.; Half Calf, 25s.; Full or Tree Calf, 31s. 6d.

The Work will be sent to you at once for 5s. down together with the accompanying

COUPON:

To the SATURDAY REVIEW, 33 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

Please send me One Copy of "HAYDN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES," cloth, for which I enclose 5s., and agree to pay Five Monthly Instalments of 3s. 6d. each.* I undertake not to part with the work till the payments are complete.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

* If the purchaser wishes to have either of the better bindings, the first payment must be 6s. 6d. or 7s. 6d., and the instalments increased to either 4s. or 5s.

Messrs. DEAN & SON will be happy to send to all lovers of Belles-Lettres, a Catalogue of some 600 Volumes of Poets, Classics, and Standard Sets suitable for School Prizes and for the Library.

The LEATHER BINDINGS of many of the Series are a special feature, and all of them are both beautiful and unique. The New Bindings in OOZE CALF, CORK CALF, and POKER-WORK, with Hand-painted Decorations, are specially dainty.

Messrs. Dean & Son also announce the following New Books :

THE AGE OF FABLE. A popular, but scholarly History of Greek, Roman, and Norse Mythology. By THOMAS BULFINCH. 460 pp. 2s. 6d. net.

Neat cloth binding, printed in a clear type on good paper, with Frontispiece and decorated Title-page.

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY. Containing an account of the Arthurian Legends and of "The Mabinogion." By THOMAS BULFINCH. 330 pp. 2s. 6d. net.

THE LEGENDS OF CHARLEMAGNE. Giving an interesting account of Charlemagne and the Paladins, By THOMAS BULFINCH. 310 pp. 2s. 6d. net.

These volumes (issued in a uniform style) have met with a very hearty welcome in America, and it is hoped that they will prove useful to students of literature and to lovers of romance.

A DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS IN PROSE. By ANNA L. WARD. Fully indexed under author, general topic, and particular subject. An indispensable work of reference both to men of letters and to the general reader. 701 pp., strongly bound in cloth, gilt top, 5s. net; half-calf extra, 10s. 6d. net.

DURUY'S GENERAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD. Revised and continued to 1901, by E. A. GROSVENOR, Professor of History in Amherst College. 1 vol. cloth, xxviii.-746 pp., with 27 Coloured Maps and very complete Index, 8s. 6d. net.

DURUY'S HISTORY OF FRANCE. Abridged and Translated by Mrs. M. CAREY. With an Introduction and Continuation to the year 1896, by J. FRANKLIN JAMESON, Ph.D., Professor of History in Brown University, U.S.A. 1 vol. cloth, xxvi.-712 pp., with 12 Maps, fully indexed, 8s. 6d. net. Also 2 vols. Illustrated, cloth extra, gilt top, 12s. net; or half-calf extra, 21s. net.

THE REMARQUE SERIES OF CLASSICS

Full limp chamois, hand-made paper, deckle edges, gilt top, each volume with an original etching by Marcel
Quite the daintiest gift-book in the market.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Addison—Sir Roger de Coverley. | 15. Gray's Elegy, and other Poems. |
| 2. Aurelius, Marcus—The Golden Book. | 16. Irving, Washington—Old Xmas. |
| 3. Balzac—Short Stories. | 17. Lowell, J. R.—Vision of Sir Launfal. |
| 4. Brown, Dr. John—Rab and his Friends. | 18. Lytton—Destruction of Pompeii. |
| 5. Browning, Robert—Men and Women. | 19. Macaulay—Essay on Milton. |
| 6. Browning, Mrs.—Sonnets from the Portuguese. | 20. Napoleon, Anecdotes and Maxims of. |
| 7. Byron—Poems of Sentiment. | 21. Penn, William—Some Fruits of Solitude. |
| 8. Chesterfield—Selected Letters. | 22. Rochefoucauld, Maxims of. |
| 9. Dickens—A Christmas Carol. | 23. Sheridan—School for Scandal. |
| 10. Emerson—Essays on Friendship and Love. | 24. Smith, Sydney—Wit and Wisdom. |
| 11. Emerson—Essays on Heroism and Character. | 25. Thackeray—Letters to a Young Man about Town. |
| 12. Fénelon—Golden Thoughts. | 26. Walt Whitman—Leaves of Grass. |
| 13. Franklin, Benjamin—Poor Richard's Almanac. | |
| 14. Goldsmith—She Stoops to Conquer. | |

A very daintily illustrated booklet containing details of the Remarque Series and three other Series of Classics in novel leather bindings, is now ready. Per vol., full limp chamois, silk lined, marker, 18mo, 6s. net; ditto, cloth extra, 18mo, 2s. net.

CATALOGUES POST-FREE ON APPLICATION.

DEAN & SON, LTD., 160A FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

LA REVUE

(Ancienne "Revue des Revues").

La plus répandue et la plus importante parmi les grandes revues françaises et étrangères, nouvelle série agrandie, sur papier de luxe, articles inédits de premier ordre, collaborateurs les plus illustres, etc. etc., paraît le 1er et le 15 de chaque mois.

Un an 28 fr.; 6 mois, 16 fr.

Les nouveaux abonnés pour 1904 recevront gratuitement tous les numéros à partir du 1er Octobre 1903, c'est-à-dire 30 Nos. pour 24 et 3 magnifiques gravures choisies parmi les chefs-d'œuvre du Musée du Louvre, sur papier de Chine (d'une valeur d'environ 30 fr.).

Spécimen gratuit sur demande.

PARIS: 12 AV. DE L'OPERA. DIRECTEUR, JEAN FINOT.

FIFTH YEAR OF ISSUE.

THE "ARMY AND NAVY CHRONICLE,"

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
THE ARMY AND NAVY "OMNIUM GATHERUM,"
Is a Monthly Service Directory and Trade Circular for Firms and Businesses catering for the Wants of the Army and Navy.

Contains interesting information concerning the two Services, under the head of "The Army and Navy Month by Month," a Summary of Parliamentary Intelligence for the Services, Items of General Intelligence, Personal Paragraphs, a Diary of Coming Events in the Army and Navy, a List of Appointments and Promotions during the Month in the two Services. Reviews of Naval and Military Publications, &c.

A Full-page Picture printed on Plate Paper of a Naval or Military Officer of note is given away with each number.

The "ARMY AND NAVY CHRONICLE" circulates freely in all Service Clubs and Institutions all over the World. Copies are also sent to all Regimental Messes at home and abroad, to all Ships of the Royal Navy in Commission, to all General and Staff Officers, and the principal Naval Officers; many Copies to Hotels in Garrison and Seaport Towns, and elsewhere.

A Useful Circular for Officers of both Services. A most Valuable Medium for Advertisers.

For all Particulars, Specimen Copy, Scale of Charges for Advertisements, &c., apply to the MANAGER, "Army and Navy Chronicle," 111 Jermyn Street, St. James's, London, S.W.

2^D. "TO-DAY." 2^D.

A MAGAZINE
AND
A JOURNAL.

Every Week. Price 2d.

THE BEST WRITERS
THE BEST STORIES
THE BEST ARTICLES

All Subjects and all Interests are
dealt with in

2^D. "TO-DAY." 2^D.

H. SOTHERAN & CO., BOOKSELLERS.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR PRIVATE BOOKBUYERS AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS IN INDIA, THE COLONIES, AMERICA, AND ABROAD.

A Monthly Catalogue of fresh Purchases. Specimen number post free.
LIBRARIES PURCHASED OR VALUED AND CATALOGUED AND ARRANGED.

Telegraphic Address: BOOKMEN, LONDON. Codes: UNICODE and A B C.
Telephone: CENTRAL 1515.

140 STRAND, W.C., and 37 PICCADILLY, W., LONDON.

PUBLISHERS' REMAINDERS.

OCTOBER LIST.

Now Ready, including all latest purchases offered at greatly Reduced Prices.

WILLIAM GLAISHER,

REMAINDER AND DISCOUNT BOOKSELLER,

265 High Holborn, London.

Also Catalogue of Popular Current Literature, and List of French Novels, Classics, &c.

RAPHAEL TUCK'S

ART XMAS CARDS.

Cluster of 50 Folding Designs.

Post free, 20 Stamps;

10, 25 sample, Four Stamps.

T.B.L., KING'S PREMISES, SAVOY CORNER, STRAND, LONDON.

PROMENADE CONCERTS. QUEEN'S HALL.

EVERY EVENING at 8.

QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA. Conductor—Mr. HENRY J. WOOD.

Tickets, 1s., 2s., 3s., 5s.: of usual Agents, Queen's Hall Box Office, and ROBERT NEWMAN, Manager, 320 Regent Street.

A POLLO THEATRE. Sole Proprietor, HENRY

LOWENFELD. Lessee and Manager, TOM B. DAVIS. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' SEASON. Every Evening at 8.15. VERONIQUE. Matinée every Saturday at 2.0.

THE PALACE.

SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.

EVERY EVENING at 8. The AMERICAN BIOGRAPH and VARIETIES.
Seats at the Box-office from 11 till 5. CHARLES MORTON, Manager.

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.

NOVEMBER 30 and DECEMBER 1, 1904.

Examination for SIXTEEN FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIPS, £30 per annum each, confined to the Sons of Clergymen.—Apply to the BURSAR, Marlborough College, Wilts.

THE DOWNS SCHOOL, SEAFORD, SUSSEX.—

Head Mistress, Miss LUCY ROBINSON, M.A. (late Second Mistress, St. Felix School, Southwold). Special care given to individual development. Air very bracing from Downs and Sea. References: The Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge; the Principals of Bedford and Holloway Colleges, and others.

ST. MARTIN'S, BEXHILL.

MR. AUSTIN BROWN, B.A.

Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

Prepares a few Boys for the Public Schools. The place and the system are particularly adapted to the needs of delicate boys.
Prospectus and references on application.

SAFE KEEPING OF SECURITIES.

SAFE KEEPING OF PLATE, JEWELS, BONDS, &c.

THE CHANCERY LANE SAFE DEPOSIT

Entrance at
61-62 Chancery Lane.

Provides means for placing in Absolute Safety, under the Depositor's own control, and Open to Daily Inspection, all kinds of Securities, Bonds, Deeds, Plate, Jewels, Manuscripts, and Valuables of every description.

SAFES from £1 1s. per annum.

STRONG ROOMS from £5 5s. per annum.

DEPOSITS FOR SAFE KEEPING from 5s.

Special arrangements made for storing Property during owner's temporary absence.

DEPOSIT BANK

Money received on deposit for short periods at 2½ per cent. interest.

PROPRIETORS—

THE CHANCERY LANE SAFE DEPOSIT AND OFFICES COMPANY, Limited.

Visitors are invited to inspect the Safe Deposit, which is open free from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. Descriptive Prospectus and full particulars may be obtained from E. VINCENT EVANS, Manager and Secretary.

63-4 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS.

Fourth Edition, Revised, 5s. : 60 Illustrations, 24 Maps and Plans.

LONDON AND ENVIRONS.

By E. C. COOK and E. T. COOK, M.A.

"A brilliant book,"—*The Times*.
 "It very emphatically tops them all,"—*Daily Graphic*.

60 Illustrations and Maps, 5s.

NORTH WALES.

60 Illustrations and Maps, 5s.

DEVON AND CORNWALL."Far superior to ordinary guides,"—*London Daily Chronicle*.Edited by **RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S.**

1s. each. Illustrated.

Maps by JOHN BARTHOLOMEW, F.R.G.S.

The Isle of Wight.

The Vale of Llangollen.

Brecon and its Beacons.

Bournemouth and the New Forest. — The Wye Valley.

Brighton, Worthing, Eastbourne, Hastings, and St. Leonards.

Malvern, Hereford, Worcester, Gloucester, and Cheltenham.

Llandrindod Wells and the Spas of Mid-Wales.

Bristol, Bath, Wells, Weston-super-Mare, Cheddar Valley.

Aberystwith, Borth, Towyn, Aberdovey, Machynlleth.

Llandudno, Rhyl, Bangor, Penmaenmawr, Llanfalfarchan.

Barmouth, Dolgelly, Harlech, Portmadoc, Criccieth, Pwllheli.

Conway, Colwyn Bay, Trefriw, Bettws-y-Coed, Festinlog.

Norwich, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and the Norfolk Broads.

Exeter, Sidmouth, Exmouth, Dawlish.

Torquay, Teignmouth, Paignton, Dartmoor.

Plymouth, Looe, Fowey, St. Austell.

Falmouth, Penzance, Land's End, Scilly Islands.

Letter from H.M. THE KING.

"DEAR SIR,—I have had the honour of submitting your letter to the King, and I am commanded by His Majesty, in reply, to thank you for the copy of the new edition, so well got up, of 'London and Environs,' which you have transmitted for His Majesty's acceptance.

"R. Darlington, Esq., F.R.G.S.

"Yours faithfully,

"KNOLLYS.

1s. **THE HOTELS OF THE WORLD.** An Illustrated Handbook to the leading Hotels throughout the World.

LLANGOLLEN: DARLINGTON & CO.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO., LTD.

PARIS & NEW YORK: BRENTANO'S.

The Railway Bookstalls and all Booksellers.

The London Hospital,

WHITECHAPEL.

The only large General Hospital for the whole of East London.

The Largest Adult and largest Children's Hospital in England.

13,364 in-patients last year.

The Passport for Admission is Sickness or Injury combined with Poverty.

NO "LETTERS" REQUIRED.

It is really a very difficult and anxious task to collect the £220 a day needed to keep this great work up as it should be, and I should be very grateful if those who read this would help.

SYDNEY HOLLAND,
Chairman.

LONDON HOSPITAL PRIVATE NURSING STAFF.**TRAINED NURSES**

for Medical and Surgical Cases—Adult and Children—can be had immediately.

Apply **MATRON**,
London Hospital, Whitechapel.

Telephone: 4466, Avenue.

The Nurses on the Private Staff return to the Wards between their cases after sufficient rest, so that their work and knowledge are kept thoroughly up to date.

POPLAR HOSPITAL**FOR ACCIDENTS.****REASONS FOR HELPING.**

1. Situated amongst a teeming population of poor hard-working people in a district that may be called the "workshop" as well as the "Port" of London.
2. Accidents treated at the rate of FIVE an hour for every day of every year.
3. Five miles of men standing side by side treated for accidents only in one year.
4. No endowment—but has never been in debt, and never shall be. If subscriptions fall off the work will be curtailed, and ward or wards closed. This would cause great misery.
5. Free to all. No Letters required.

CHAIRMAN:

Hon. SYDNEY HOLLAND, 44 Bryanston Square.

SECRETARY:

Lt.-Col. FENERAN, Poplar Hospital, Blackwall, E.

THE**poor Clergy Relief Corporation**

38 Tavistock Place, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.

ESTABLISHED 1856.

President: The Lord BISHOP of LONDON.

The Convalescent and Holiday Fund for the Poor Country Clergy.

The Committee of the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation earnestly ask for Contributions to their Fund for granting Help to Country Clergymen and to those in Provincial Towns suffering from overwork and weakened health, to enable them to obtain a few weeks' rest and change. Cases are frequent where for six, eight, or ten years—sometimes even longer—a Clergyman has not had a single Sunday from his parish.

It is requested that all sums sent for this special purpose may be marked "Holiday Fund."

The Society also makes large grants periodically from its General Fund in times of emergency, and is the only Institution of the kind which gives immediate assistance to the Clergy, their Widows, and Orphan Daughters in all parts of the Empire. At each fortnightly Meeting of the Committee some hundreds of pounds are distributed in this way.

Cheques should be crossed "London and Westminster Bank," and made payable to the Secretary, Mandeville B. Phillips.

MANDEVILLE B. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

Offices of the Corporation:

38 Tavistock Place, Tavistock Square, W.C.

CASH PRIZES.

CASH PRIZES.

£5,000

"PUBLIC OPINION," the well-known weekly paper, is giving away the above in Cash Prizes during the next six months, and also

HUNDREDS OF CONSOLATION PRIZES.

See their great Scheme to aid the Hospitals.

18 CASH PRIZES MONTHLY.

Everyone can compete for these valuable prizes, and by so doing the Hospitals will be assisted.

75 per cent. of all monies goes direct to the
Hospitals.

£5,000 IN PRIZES.

Full particulars in this week's "PUBLIC OPINION," or from the offices of

THE HOSPITAL PENNY FUND,

12 & 13 Henrietta St., London, W.C.

**THE GREATEST SCHEME YET DEVISED
TO HELP A GOOD CAUSE.**

*See this week's "PUBLIC OPINION." From all
Bookstalls, &c.*

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietors by SPOTTISWOODE & CO. LTD., 5 New-street Square, E.C., and Published by REGINALD WEBSTER PAGE, at the Office, 33 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 24 September, 1904.